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THE MILLENNIUM POSTPONED.

THE TIGER AND THE LAMB—A LITTLE MIXED.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1878.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains the conclusion of* MARY CECIL HAY'S *interesting story,* "A DARK INHERITANCE," *and several pictures relating to Afghanistan affairs.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

AFTER ELECTION.

THERE will be many explanations of the meaning of the election, but its general significance is plain. The Democratic party supposed that it was sure of the control of the national government in 1880, and it had permitted the country to see in advance what Democratic supremacy would mean. A revolutionary assault upon the title of the Administration, violation of the public faith, every kind and form of disorganizing purpose, virtually anarchical, were visible under the name of Democracy, and the controlling force of the party was in the Southern States made "solid" by a modified Ku-Klux. This was not an enticing prospect for an intelligent nation which desires "peace with honor," and does not desire "the moral forces" of cipher frauds. The national interest has, therefore, been as real as in a Presidential election, although less noisy. There has not been more instructive and sincere public speech than in this campaign since the war, and the general result is most encouraging. The discussion was in general an appeal to the national sense of honor and to the practical sagacity of the people, and the response is inspiring. The force of the Greenback movement, as the President said several weeks ago, is largely spent, and it is very re-assuring to find that the sophistry of demagogues, even at a time of general and prolonged industrial depression, is so ineffective. The chief satisfaction of the election is the proof that it affords of the sound good sense of the American people. They have not been deceived by ingenious and plausible knavery, and they have also shown their contempt of the efforts of a certain class of Democrats and Republicans to discredit the Administration with charges of fraud and of unspeakable infamy. All this is disposed of. Mr. CLARKSON N. POTTER, for instance, who lent himself to an investigation which it was hoped by such Democrats and such Republicans would expose the crimes of members of the Administration, found upon a survey of his own Democratic district that prudence dictated refusal to take the chances of election. He withdrew, and a Republican was elected. Meanwhile the cipher dispatches, preceded by the moral manifesto of MANTON MARBLE, have disgusted honest men of all parties with the fraudulent cry of Fraud.

It is, moreover, under a Republican Administration which certain Republican leaders have contemptuously denounced that the Republican party, which under the conduct of those leaders had been nearly wrecked, recovers its prestige and renews its confidence of carrying the Presidential election. If the aims of that Administration had been heartily sustained by the whole party from the beginning, it is not at all improbable that the House of Representatives might have been saved entirely. The praise of the strong position of the party during the canvass is due in very great part to the frank and courageous speeches of the President in his Western tour, to the speeches early in the canvass of Messrs. GARFIELD in Ohio, GROW in Pennsylvania, and HARRISON in Indiana, and to the emphatic Republican declarations of Massachusetts and Connecticut. New York, holding its Convention a day or two after that of Connecticut, repeated the same strain; and Mr. CONKLING, who had said and done nothing whatever to mould or inspire public opinion upon the commanding question of sound money, was forced by the party sentiment to see that he could keep silence no longer, and he spoke, but only after the party had already spoken. Mr. CONKLING is a strict partisan, but he is not a leader of public opinion. A leader would have spoken in the critical hour of the silver debate in the Senate last winter. The Senator made an excellent speech at Saratoga, but it was essential to his personal political fortunes that he should speak, and he followed, he did not lead, the sentiment of his party and the time.

The disclosure of the attempted buying of electoral votes by Democratic agents, and the consequent pricking of the bubble of Democratic "Reform," have also had a great part in the result. Ex-Republicans like Mr. BIRD, of Massachusetts, and Mr. JULIAN, of Indiana, who, because of their disgust with certain Republican knaveries, assumed that Republican ascendency must be overthrown at all hazards, and without regard to the probability or the certainty of the character of the substitute they proposed, have seen, whether they will heed or not, that the purposes at which they aim are possible only through the intelligence and conviction which are politically Republican. The election of Mr. COOPER in New York is alleged to strengthen Mr. TILDEN as a Presidential candidate of the Democratic party. But the nomination of Mr. TILDEN, could it be accomplished in a Democratic Convention, would rend his party asunder. Neither his ignorance nor his disclaimer of the infamous bargaining of his agents would help him. He could not unite his party. The disclosure of the cipher dispatches was a very great public service, because it destroyed the delusion in many honest minds that Mr. TILDEN represented reform, while it showed those who were sure that he had been tricked out of the Presidency by sharpers that he was himself, according to his own disclaimer, "run" by a pack of as sorry political sharpers as have disgraced our history. The events of the autumn have cleared the atmosphere. Illusions of many kinds have been dispelled, and the parties will now be judged by the character and conviction, the purposes and the probability of carrying them into effect, which they each plainly represent. In such a situation there is every thing to cheer those who hold to the Republican as the more patriotic, intelligent, conservative, and safe political organization to which to intrust the control of the government.

SUPPRESSED VOTES.

IT is a curious fact that while the proposed restriction of the municipal suffrage in New York was denounced especially by the Democratic party, the same party in States which it absolutely controls does not hesitate practically to disfranchise an immense minority of voters. The exact situation, therefore, is that Democrats insist in New York that the most ignorant non-tax-payers shall vote upon the city expenses, while in Delaware they enact that failure to pay the poll tax, from any cause, shall disfranchise a citizen from all elections for a year. The reason of the inconsistency is that in New York the Democrats wish to count the Irish vote, and in Delaware they wish to reject the colored vote. In the farther Southern States the colored vote is suppressed by open terror. Armed bodies of white men in red shirts surround the meetings of colored Republicans, insisting upon "dividing the time"—in other words, controlling the meetings as they choose—so that, with the bitter experience of past years, the colored vote is largely destroyed. To those Republicans at the North who think that President HAYES is morally responsible for this situation it is enough to say that in all the Southern States but three this became the situation under President GRANT, the military policy, and the absolute national supremacy of the Republican party. The present state of things is no worse than it was before the Presidency of Mr. HAYES, and there was no constitutional action open to him which would have changed it. He has had no other "Southern policy" than strict obedience to his constitutional duty, and there is no doubt that President GRANT would have enforced the principle of his latest telegrams to Louisiana before his retirement, which is the principle of the constitutional action of President HAYES.

The question which the political situation in the Southern States opens is, whether there is any national remedy at law for the suppression of the votes of a minority, or even of a majority, when local opinion refuses State relief. If armed Democrats in South Carolina attend a Republican meeting and practically disperse it, there are two courses for Republicans to pursue—one is to fight it out on the spot; the other, to appeal to the authorities. Evidently to adopt the first would be to invoke tremendous odds, and resort to the last is a doubtful remedy, because the Democrats control all the courts and fill all the offices. Under these circumstances can the United States interfere? The Constitution provides, in the old and familiar words, for the case of invasion and domestic violence, on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive when the Legislature can not be convened. Further than this, it provides in the Fourteenth Amendment that no State shall deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws, and authorizes Congress to enforce the provision by legislation. The relevancy of this amendment and the power it confers to the case in question were clearly defined by Chief Justice WAITE in the Ellenton conspiracy trial. He said:

"That a number of citizens of the United States have been killed there can be no question, but that is not enough to enable the government of the United States to interfere for their protection. Under the Constitution that duty belongs to the State alone. But when an unlawful combination is made to interfere with any of the rights of national citizenship secured to citizens of the United States by the national Constitution, then an offense is committed against the laws of the United States, and it is not only the right but the absolute duty of the national government to interfere, and afford to its citizens that protection which every good government is bound to give."

This is the view that applies to this case. In every instance a conspiracy must be proved, and it must be proved to a jury of the vicinage. Practically, therefore, there is no national remedy at law for the suppression of the Republican vote in the Southern States.

That, however, need not discourage exposure and discussion. Slavery was conceded to be wholly a State concern, but it was nevertheless overthrown by the discussion from which the Republican party sprang, and by the refusal of the slave power to submit to law. The suppression of an immense vote, the total denial to a vast minority, and even to a majority in certain States, of the fundamental and most sacred right of American citizens, is an appeal to the sense of justice and fair play in the country which can not fail of success. Such a suppression is practicable only in the Southern States, and there only because of the character of the voters who are suppressed. They were lately slaves, and they have not that sense of equality and the determination to resist injustice which would make bulldozing and red-shirting and Ku-Kluxery of every kind impossible on a great scale in the Northern States. Moreover, the disfranchising law in Delaware operates mainly through the want of alert and intelligent leadership and organization among Republicans. Such organization would take care that every voter was duly apprised of the time and place of payment of his dues. The real hope of the situation lies, however, as we have often said, in the good sense of intelligent and patriotic Southerners, and in the courage and efficiency of the Southern authorities. Governor HAMPTON'S reply to Mr. SWAILS in South Carolina, dated the 24th of October, asserts positively that whenever a disturbance arises in which he can properly act he will use all his official authority; and he ordered through a Republican solicitor an inquiry into the conduct of the trial justice of whom Mr. SWAILS complained. Since our article of last week warmly censuring Governor HAMPTON was written, we have seen his speech at Beaufort, denying that he had failed to do his duty, and appealing to facts for his justification. The speech shows how hard it is to ascertain the truth of such occurrences. But speeches and letters are not enough. In Louisiana Governor NICHOLLS states unreservedly that the law officers will be made to understand that offenders must be brought to justice, and that, if necessary, the whole militia force will be called out. When any one offender—any bulldozer, or red-shirt, or Ku-Klux of any name—is actually arrested, tried, condemned, and punished by the local Democratic authorities, it will be proof to the country that the evil is in a way to be normally and effectively remedied. But until such an event good citizens in the Southern States can not be surprised by a Northern feeling of general distrust of the Democratic party, which has emphatically expressed itself in the autumn elections.

A PARTY VIEW.

IT is conceded on all sides that the great result of the elections is to be regarded less as a partisan victory than the triumph of the popular sense and honesty. But is not that admission a laurel for the party under whose auspices the victory was won? It is undoubtedly true, for instance, in Massachusetts, that several thousand Democrats voted for the Republican candidate. But they did so because Republican success assured the result that these Democrats desired. Moreover, they voted for the Republican candidate because they feared the success of BUTLER. But his success was possible only by Democratic votes, and of the 108,000 or 109,000 votes that he received, the immense mass was Democratic. So in the 30,000 or 40,000 Greenback votes in New York, a Democratic estimate gives two-thirds to the Democrats. What is all this but confession that as the Republican party fifteen years ago was the party of continued national existence, it was in this election the party of national honor and true conservatism?

It is perhaps not incorrect to say that the majority of intelligent and honorable Democrats in this part of the country are not displeased with the result. They would have been seriously apprehensive of the consequences if their own party had succeeded. But why, then, is it their party? Why do they call themselves Democrats? What public question is there now before the country on which such men seriously differ from Republicans? Possible issues may be supposed. But what is now practically desired by all honorable and patriotic citizens but respect for the Constitution and the laws, and a financial system upon which Mr. SEYMOUR agrees with the President, and Senator KERNAN with Governor TALBOT? The Republican party will not propose any force bills or bayonet policy, and the only chance of disturbing and dangerous monetary legislation would come from the Democratic party. Does not the situation revealed by the elections show, whether we admit it or not, that there is no real present ground of practical political difference between Republicans and Democrats?

One of the most sagacious and experienced of European political observers, who has taken an active part in public affairs, writes privately: "The continent of Europe has—as far as human eyes can see—severe trials before it, while I am inclined to believe that with you a better time is coming. One of *our* misfortunes is an abject fear of democracy, to which, I believe, you in the United States are not subject, and that makes me hope that such men as General BUTLER will not be able to do you as much harm as conservative—or, rather, reactionary—people over here delight in predicting." The better time that this shrewd eye foresees will spring from the better understanding of those who have been politically divided for more than a generation by a radical and vital question which is now practically settled.

MONEY IN ELECTIONS.

Now that the election is over, there are several things to be remembered and put into practice before the next election. Every year there is an enormous amount of money spent in the canvass, and a very large expense is legitimately necessary. Any observer of an election in this city, for instance, will see in every district placards, transparencies, banners, which must be paid for, and there are committee-rooms and halls for public meetings to be hired. On election-day there are polling booths to be provided at every poll, manned with voters, and victualled with tickets. These are all illustrations of a fair and necessary expense, for which provision must be made. It has come to be the practice of both parties, however, to raise as much of the money as possible from office-holders, and, as a natural consequence, from expectant office-holders or candidates. The argument is very short. It is urged that nobody is so much interested in the success of the dominant party as those who hold office under it, and nobody so personally concerned in the election as the candidates. Hence office-holders are assessed and candidates are "struck," and there is a very general conviction that the election expenses ought to be borne by those who are to be elected, or whose places depend upon a party success.

This, of course, is not true. In a country district, for instance, where a Superintendent of the Poor is to be elected, the tax-payers are very much more concerned with the result than the candidates. It is a question of economy, of higher or lower taxation, with every tax-payer. Those who are most vitally interested in the result of every election are the great mass of the community; and if any community has not perception enough, or public spirit enough, to raise the necessary money for the election of suitable officers, it deserves to be ruled by rascals. The consequence of leaving the expenses to the candidates is that public offices are sold at auction. If in a poor district one man will agree to pay five hundred dollars toward the expenses of a local election, and another will pay little or nothing, the former will generally secure the nomination. Now if a man can afford to pay a large percentage of the salary of an office to secure the chance of getting it, the salary is too large, or he expects to make more out of it than he pays. But in general the salaries of public offices are not large, and the logical result of the system is to vest the offices in rich men or scalawags. If the cost of an election to Congress is in many districts very much more than the salary, Congress in those districts is open only to rich men, or to those who by any arrangement can raise the money. Raising money by assessing office-holders is a practice so familiar and general that it seems to many persons a part of our political system. If a question of its propriety is asked, it is answered by the sophistry that we have mentioned. The obvious result is that large numbers of office-holders have become a band of mercenaries paid by the public money to do the work of a party or of individuals, and a "machine" is the consequence, which virtually destroys the free operation of popular government.

These are facts which are familiar to those who are interested in politics, and which ought to be familiar to every citizen. The methods of raising election money which are generally accepted lead to a

political helplessness on the part of intelligent citizens which is ludicrous and pitiful. They forget that they have any initiative in politics, and that a little energy and organization and sagacity would seriously derange the ring or the machine which springs from the evil that we describe. Could there be any thing at once more astounding and more absurd, for instance, than that a single citizen of New York, who owes his official position to no great public service nor to any distinction of any kind, should declare to the citizens of a Congressional district in the city that they could no longer have Mr. HEWITT for a Representative in Congress, but that they might vote for Mr. ORLANDO B. POTTER, a gentleman not only unknown to the voters, but to the Convention that nominated him? Yet such is the stupor produced by the evil system that it did not seem to occur to the intelligent voters of the district that if a dozen of them would combine and make themselves a committee, and raise the money and do the necessary work, they might either have elected Mr. HEWITT, if he was their choice, or have made so vigorous a demonstration that every decent citizen would take heart and become conscious of his power and his independence. If, indeed, the system which produces machines and rings seems to intelligent citizens a desirable one—if they are perfectly indifferent to good government, and think that one man is just as good a Representative as another, or if they are so disgusted with politics and politicians that they will not vote or take any part whatever in the conduct of the government—the situation is hopeless, and we shall sink lower and lower in venality and rascality until we reach a civil convulsion. But if such citizens would really do something, let them give some sign of life and of their desire. Let them begin by seeking to understand the necessary conditions of an election, and by lending a hand in breaking up the foundation of the existing system. If places are given as party rewards, and election money is raised by assessments upon office-holders and by "striking" candidates, the ring power is so confirmed that universal apathy is almost inevitable. There will be no political improvement until good citizens generally will give time and money and work to secure it. It certainly will not come of itself, and if honest men will not take the trouble to control, dishonest men will have it all their own way.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE MAY BE DONE.

IF the politics of the city of New York were the test of the working of republican institutions, the friends of good government might well hang their heads. In England, also a land of Parliamentary institutions, the ablest Englishmen have contested the honor of representing the city of London. At the beginning of the century CHARLES JAMES FOX was one of its representatives, and within a few years JOHN STUART MILL was another. But the knot of politicians who generally control the popular vote of the city of New York, without the least sense of the honor or dignity or necessities of the city, and bent solely upon their own personal and political aggrandizement, nominated for Congress a candidate as representative of this metropolis who wrote the following letter in reply to some strictures of the New York *Times:*

"NEW YORK *Nov.* 3 1878

"Editor of the times Sir My attention has been Called to an article in your isue of Friday last in which it is Aledged that the Speech which I had intended to deliver in congress but which on account of sickness was not delivered by mee but printed in the record was written by a Washington bohemian. Such a statement is not true of course I dont expect any thing that appears in the times in relation to me to be of a complementary character You have done me an injustice but all your Efforts will not prevent my election

"Yours etc. N. MULLER. Candidate for congress"

One of the papers states that Mr. MULLER denied the authenticity of the letter, but we have seen no such denial under his own name, and the system of which we speak would naturally lead to the nomination of candidates who would write precisely such a letter. Part of the cost of the combination that elected Mr. COOPER as Mayor was the election of Mr. O'BRIEN to Congress, as last year it was the election of JOHN MORRISSEY to the State Senate.

The nomination of unfit candidates is due, of course, in a great degree to the refusal of good citizens to take an active part in politics. But this refusal is due in turn to their consciousness that they could not cope with the "politicians," and the power of the "politicians" is mainly due to the patronage that they command. This affects even the police force. It should be the most perfectly non-partisan body in the community. But in New York it has been often the most efficient and decisive political agency. In the halcyon days of "Hank" SMITH it was a powerful political element. How much it has changed since that time can be learned upon inquiry.

The statement of the fact is greeted, of course, with the musty old sneer that we can't have heaven until we get there, and that we must take the earth as we find it. That being so, it is undeniable that what is possible in one great American city is possible in another. There can be no greater abuse than a partisan police, and the mischief is to be avoided, not by dividing it between parties, but by banishing politics from it altogether. The Police Commission in Boston has adopted some regulations upon this general subject which are full of good sense, and are exceedingly suggestive. Thus in regard to "influence" as a means of appointment, the code says:

"Any applicant for promotion causing any person to interfere or make solicitation in his behalf for promotion, to any superior officer or the Police Commissioners, personally or by letter or petition, shall be reported to the board. Such practices are injurious to the good order and discipline of the service."

That principle is as applicable to every other public office as it is to the police service, and it is just as practicable in other offices. Here is another regulation in the same spirit:

"Any member of the police force who, being under charges, shall, either before trial or judgment, cause any person to interfere, personally or by letter, in his behalf, with any of the Police Commissioners, shall be reported to the board; and thereupon be tried on the charge of conduct unbecoming an officer."

Would any body pretend that the efficiency of the force or the self-respect and independence of the members would be injured by the enforcement of such a rule?

Other rules prohibit political discussions in the station-houses, and forbid carrying circulars or receiving instructions from any body but the Commissioners. No one connected with the department will be allowed to accept free passes on railroads or to theatres; and faithful old members are to be pensioned and relieved from service, while every man in the force is officially notified that the highest post is open to proved merit. This is common-sense in the management of the police of a great city, and it will one day be introduced into the civil service of this great country.

LORD DUFFERIN'S PARTING COUNSEL TO CANADA.

THE Earl of Dufferin, the most popular of Canadian Governors, and who deserved his popularity by his practical sagacity, made one of his admirable speeches at Toronto before his departure for England. His speech was one of counsel, and one of his most earnest recommendations shows what a thoroughly intelligent and experienced public man thinks of a reformed civil service. His conception of a sound and proper system is worthy the attention of those who hold that "all the reform needed is the appointment of honest and capable men to office." Nobody, so far as we are aware, advocates the appointment of dishonest and incapable men. The question of reform is one of methods. In what way are fit officers most likely to be selected? That is the question, and it hardly seems to be answered by resolving solemnly that fit men only should be appointed.

Lord DUFFERIN was especially emphatic upon "the independence of the judge and the non-political and permanent character of the civil service." He conceded that they were principles fully established and recognized, but they are in danger of being forgotten in times of political excitement, unless public opinion maintains them absolutely intact. Having spoken of the independence of the judiciary, he continued:

"But, after all, the chief danger against which you will have to guard is that which concerns the civil service of the country. Now the civil service of the country, though not the animating spirit, is the living mechanism through which the body-politic moves and breathes and has its being. Upon it depends the rapid and economical conduct of every branch of your affairs, and there is nothing a nation should be so particular about as to secure in such a service independence, zeal, patriotism, and integrity. But in order that this should be the case, it is necessary that to the civil servants should be given a *status* regulated by their acquirements, their personal qualifications, their capacity for rendering the country efficient service, and that neither their original appointment nor their subsequent advancement should in any way have to depend upon their political connections or opinions. [Applause.] If you take my advice, you will never allow the civil service to be degraded into an instrument to subserve the ends and interests of any political party. [Cheers.] The success of a political party ought to depend upon its public policy and the ability of its chiefs, and not upon the advantage likely to accrue to its individual adherents. In fact, the more the area of personal profit consequent upon a change of government is limited, the better for the country at large. [Hear, hear.] On the other hand, the independence thus conceded to the members of the civil service imposes upon them a special obligation, namely, that they should serve their successive chiefs, no matter to which side they may belong, with a scrupulously impartial zeal and loyalty. [Hear, hear.] There is no offense which should be visited with swifter or more condign punishment than any failure in this respect. A civil servant who allows his political sympathies to damp his ardor, devotion, zeal, and loyalty to his departmental chiefs, is a disgrace to his profession. [Hear, hear.] Happily both the great political parties in this country have given in their adherence to this principle. Both are convinced of the wholesomeness of the doctrine to which I have referred, and I have no doubt that the anxiety manifested by our friends across the line to purge their own civil service of its political complexion will confirm every thinking Canadian in the conviction I have sought to impress upon you. [Applause.] Again, therefore, I say to you, guard this and every other characteristic of your Constitution with an unfailing vigilance, for though you search all the world over, it is not likely you will ever get a better one." (Cheers.)

His lordship was a little premature in speaking of our "anxiety" to purge our civil service of its political complexion. But the general doctrine that he announces is that of all who favor a reform. And there is nothing more true than his remark that the more the area of personal profit consequent upon a change of government is limited, the better for the country at large. That truth will become more and more evident to the good sense of this country as the people see more and more of government by the "one-man power," by "kings and clowns," by "the Custom-house," by "rings," and by "the machine."

TWO DELIGHTFUL "HALF-HOURS."

AMONG the later issues of the "Half-hour Series" is Mr. WHIPPLE'S *Rufus Choate* and Mr. HENRY JAMES, Jun.'s, *Daisy Miller*. Mr. WHIPPLE'S paper is the most satisfactory sketch of the personality and of the peculiar power of the famous lawyer, orator, and wit that we have had, and it is happily timed with the publication of the volume of his orations by LITTLE, BROWN, & Co. Mr. WHIPPLE'S critical acumen and felicity of expression were never more pleasantly employed, and his tone is so kindly and thoroughly sympathetic and appreciative, that he will commend Mr. CHOATE to the warm regard of many who have never been able to forgive what seemed to them his apostacy from the moral sentiment and political faith of New England. CHOATE has always stood in the shadow of the cloud that obscures WEBSTER'S fame; and his Dartmouth eulogy, the most magnificent piece of sustained rhetoric in American literature, has always seemed but a superb special plea in a case already lost. The fascination which constantly followed Mr. CHOATE when living attends him in this delightful memorial by one who evidently knew him truly, and who might well have been his biographer.

Daisy Miller is a graphic study of an American, or, as European observers would probably say, of *the* American, girl in Europe. The sketch will be resented by many who hold that an American author is loyally bound to write nothing of his own countrymen or country-women which is not most attractive. Mr. JAMES, however, is a literary artist, too conscientious and carefully trained to seek any thing but the truth. He is concerned to make his likeness faithful, not flattering; and his opinion—the opinion of a most shrewd observer most thoroughly experienced—is to be taken as very much more accurate than that of the careless, untrained, prejudiced, ordinary observer. The story of his little sketch is both very amusing and sincerely sad; and the work itself is an admirable illustration of that honest and diligent "skilled labor" by which Mr. JAMES has cultivated his remarkable talent until he is now justly ranked with the first of our younger authors.

PERSONAL.

SOME of the English bishops are outspoken men. The Bishop of Manchester says that many modern hymns, and some of them the most popular, are very namby-pamby and strangely silly. They are full of erroneous conceptions of all sorts of things—of God, of heaven, of hell, of angels, and he knows not what besides.

—Dean STANLEY has had plenty of nourishment in this country—at least three "square meals" a day since he landed. It has been one continuous breakfast, lunch, and dinner; and at the Century Club breakfast, which began at ten and ended along in the afternoon—a perfectly cubic meal, including the best claret and Sauterne known to the connoisseurs of that club—he told them that so well had he been looked after by his companions Dr. HARPER and Mr. GROVE that he had not handled over two dollars during the two months he had been in the country. At that rate, the dean can afford to come over again.

—Mr. WILLIAM BLACK, whose *Macleod of Dare* has just been published in three different forms by HARPER & BROTHERS, is fortunate in his artist friends. Among them FAED, MILLAIS, BOUGHTON, and nine others presented him with drawings illustrating scenes in the work, which add materially to its interest. Mr. BLACK makes a graceful acknowledgment of their courtesy. An indication of the popularity of Mr. BLACK'S writings is found in the fact that 30,000 copies of *Macleod of Dare* were ordered in advance of its publication.

—Mr. CUNLIFFE OWEN, who has been the official representative of Great Britain at the great exhibitions held in Paris in 1855, London in 1862, Paris in 1867, Vienna in 1873, United States in 1876, and again in Paris in 1878, is not only a very nimble-minded man, but a fine linguist, and possesses a tact and urbanity that have delighted every body. At his home in the South Kensington Museum, London, of which he is the director, he is up at six in the morning, and from that hour on is almost incessantly occupied. For the reading of books, or amusements of any kind, he has neither leisure nor inclination. He has a numerous family, and is very domestic in his habits. No man is fonder of a good story, and few can tell one as well, and in perpetual vivacity he is said to vie successfully with Sir HENRY THOMPSON and other eminent teetotalers.

—Sir HENRY BULWER, who was British minister at Washington in 1849, was late in life an invalid, and this amusing story of him is told by his nephew Lord LYTTON, Governor-General of India. Sir HENRY had for some months fancied himself affected with paralysis of the limbs. He refused to put foot to the ground, but was wheeled in a chair by his servant. At last, one day the Rhone steamer on which he was travelling caught fire, and the captain having run the boat ashore, a plank was thrown out by which the passengers might land. The first person observed on this new bridge, and stepping nimbly down, was Sir HENRY. When fairly safe upon the shore he remembered himself, and called out to his servant, "Carry me, FORSTER." But it was too late. FORSTER refused to hear more of his master's folly, and Sir HENRY had to walk, and he walked very well to the day of his death.

—Minister WELSH has been invited to lay the corner-stone of the hospital to be established in London for American patients.

—That GAMBETTA is now the conspicuous figure in France can scarcely be questioned. During his recent political tour through that country his reception was like that of a victorious general. Salvos of artillery, music, and a profusion of flowers every where saluted his arrival.

—Ex-Governor SEYMOUR, in an interesting article on "The Government of the United States," in the current number of the *North American Review*, says: "From this time our average increase of population will probably be more than a million and a half each year, more than four thousand each day, more than one hundred and seventy each fleeting hour. This is a growth unparalleled in the world, and throws into the shade the results of European struggles in war or of the subtilties of diplomacy in peace. The question is forced upon our minds, Are our systems of State or general governments fitted to meet such vast and rapid changes?"

—In the last number of the New York *Observer* the Rev. Dr. PRIME has a long letter devoted to Mr. CHILDS, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, and how he has made it, with perhaps a single exception (the *Herald*), the most profitable paper in the United States. Mr. CHILDS bought the paper in 1864. It was then losing money. For a time it lost more, owing to the fact that Mr. C. excluded from its reading and advertising columns every thing of an immoral tendency. Before a year had elapsed it began to be remunerative. In three years he was enabled to erect and occupy the present *Ledger* building—the most spacious and perfectly arranged newspaper establishment in the country, and at the present time the *Ledger* pays a net profit of over one thousand dollars a day. Dr. PRIME concludes by saying: "Mr. CHILDS seeks no office, covets no man's wealth, pays his debts, gives to the poor in his own way (no begging letters noticed), is generous in all the relations of public and private life, and enjoys the esteem and friendship of the best men in the world. That is a rounded life."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ELECTIONS were held in thirty-one States on the 5th inst. Congressmen were voted for in all, and Governors in twelve of the States. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Michigan, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, Kansas, and probably Nevada, elected Republican Governors, while Delaware, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Texas chose Democrats, and Connecticut left the choice to the Legislature. The latest returns on the Congressional ticket indicate the election of 133 Republicans, 148 Democrats, and 11 Greenback men, which gives the Democrats a majority of 4 over all in the House. In this State Mr. Danforth was elected to the Court of Appeals by a plurality of about 30,000, and the next Assembly will stand 98 Republicans, 28 Democrats, and 2 Greenbackers. In New York city the Tammany ticket was utterly routed, and Mr. Edward Cooper was elected Mayor by a majority of nearly 20,000. General Butler met with a crushing defeat in Massachusetts, his Republican opponent, Thomas Talbot, receiving a plurality over him of about 26,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

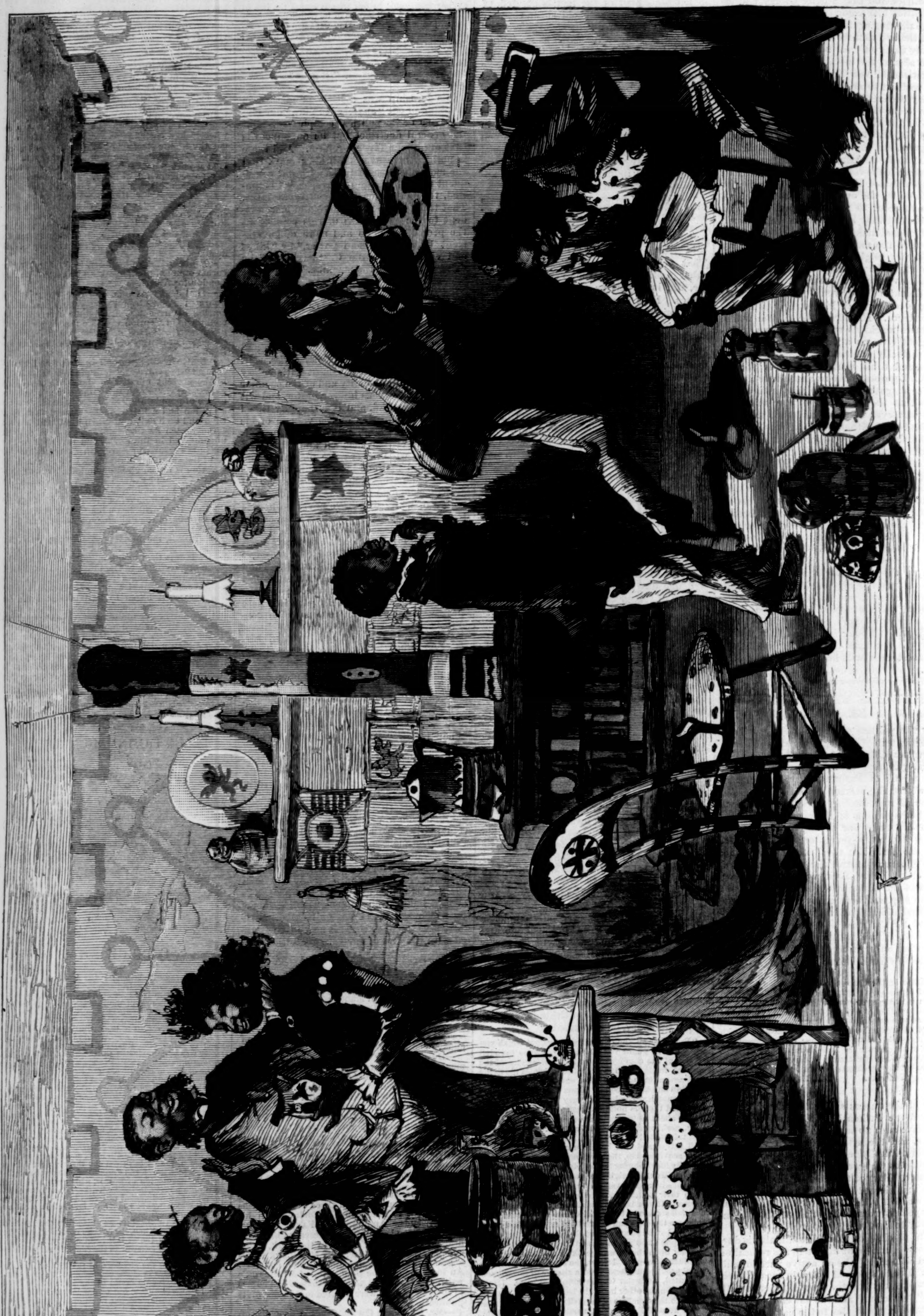
THE EASTERN QUESTION: It has just been disclosed that England and Austria agreed at Berlin, before the plenipotentiaries left that city, in July last, to insist upon the withdrawal of the Russian troops from Turkey in May next, the date stipulated in the treaty. If Russia should urge that Turkey is unable to protect the Christians, owing to the disturbed state of affairs in Roumelia, England and Austria will furnish a garrison to relieve the Russians. The purport of this treaty was communicated to Russia.—A body of Bulgarians numbering 4000 has burned fourteen villages in the district of Demotica. The Porte has sent a note to Prince Labanoff pointing out the fact that the Russians are powerless to repress the Bulgarian movements. In another note to Prince Labanoff the Porte discusses the non-evacuation of Turkish territory by the Russians.—The Rhodope insurrection has received a fatal blow by the assassination of Omer Aga, one of the most influential leaders, by Kara Yussuf, a former leader who had been disgraced for plundering.

The Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath, by a vote of 160 to 70, on the 6th inst., adopted the address in reply to the speech from the throne, after debate, during which Baron von Pretis-Gagnodo demonstrated that the occupation of Bosnia, which was authorized by all the powers, including Turkey, was necessary to prevent the development of forces in the Balkan peninsula which would sooner or later clash with the interests of Austria.

The British ultimatum was placed in the hands of Faiez Mahomed Khan, the Afghan commander at Fort Ali-Musjeed, on the 2d inst., and a copy at the same time posted at Peshawur to the Ameer. A reply is required by the 20th.

The result of the elections of the 27th ult. for municipal delegates in 17,000 communes of France, as far as known, leaves no doubt of the issue of the Senatorial contests on the 5th of January next. The returns are not complete, but those received go to show that eleven departments, now represented by twenty-seven Conservative Senators, have been won by the Republicans, namely, Hérault, Ille-et-Vilaine, Indre-et-Loire, Lot, Lot-et-Garonne, Manche, Marne, Mayenne, Meuse, Nord, and Puy-de-Dôme. The Republicans having lost no department, this gain is more than sufficient to turn the majority in the Senate. A Republican majority of at least 12 or 15 is confidently expected.

The southern and western portions of Maynooth College, fifteen miles northwest of Dublin, Ireland, were destroyed by fire on the 1st inst.



DECORATIVE ART HAS AT LAST REACHED BLACKVILLE.—"DAT SMALL JAPAN JUG CUM FROM DE RUINS OF POMPY."—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]

GEORGE F. DANFORTH, JUDGE ELECT OF THE COURT OF APPEALS.—[FROM PHOT. BY J. H. KENT.]

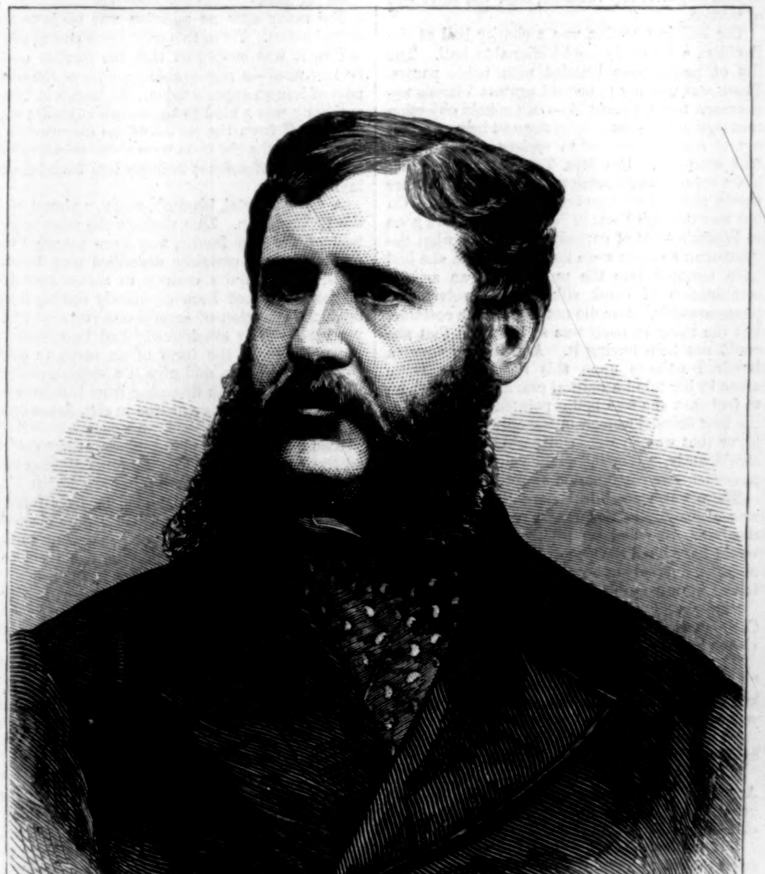
EDWARD COOPER, MAYOR ELECT OF NEW YORK.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.]

THE RECENT ELECTIONS.

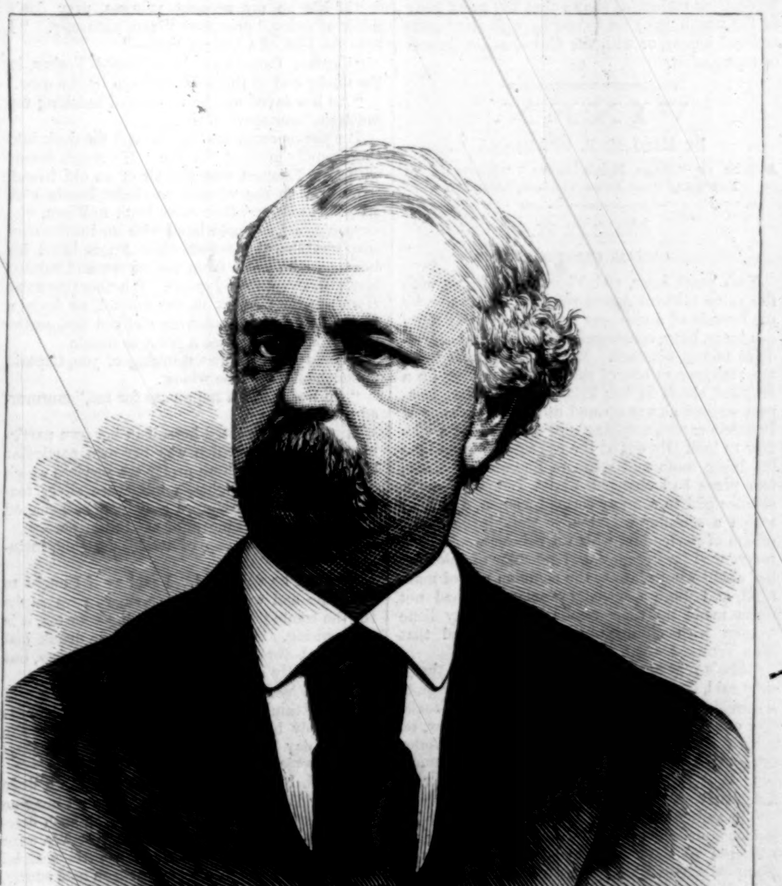
ON this page, and also on page 937, will be found the portraits of some of the successful candidates in the recent elections, full particulars of which are given in our news column. The Hon. GEORGE F. DANFORTH, who has just been elected Judge of the New York State Court of Appeals, on the Republican ticket, was born in Massachusetts, and is now a little more than fifty years of age. He was educated in one of the New England colleges. Soon after being graduated he came to this State and settled in Rochester, where he has lived ever since. His life has been spent in the active pursuit of his profession, and he has acquired the reputation of being one of the best lawyers in the United States. He has taken a hearty interest in politics, but has never sought nor held office. He was brought to the notice of the general public in 1875, when he was made the Republican candidate for Attorney-General. In the following year he was the Republican candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals.

Mr. EDWARD COOPER, son of the venerable philanthropist Mr. PETER COOPER, was born in this city in 1824. He graduated from Columbia College at the age of eighteen, and passed the following year or two in European travel. On his return he went into the business of iron and steel manufacturing, in company with his brother-in-law Mr. ABRAM S. HEWITT. Mining and smelting in Pennsylvania and some other States were afterward included in the business of the firm. A writer in the *World* says of him:

"In this connection he acquired a thorough scientific knowledge of all the chemical processes that pertain to iron and steel manufacture, became a competent engineer, and, in short, so completely mastered the whole subject that no practical workman could give him 'points' in any one of the thousand details. He could build a blast furnace as easily as he could judge the temper of a piece of steel. At the same time he was a careful and sagacious business man, and these faculties, combined with the quick foresight and energy of his partner, enabled the firm to extend its undertakings so far that it came to rank among the largest employers of the country. The firm is now in business at 17 Burling Slip as iron-masters, and as founders at the Trenton Iron-Works and the New Jersey Iron and Steel Works. The blast furnaces at Phillipsburg, Pennsylvania, were built by this firm, which now operates similar works at Ringwood, New Jersey, and Durham, Pennsylvania. The firm also owns coal mines near Pottsville, Pennsylvania, and has iron-works and mining interests in Tennessee and Michigan. Mr. COOPER is also at the head of his father's



RUFUS B. COWING, CITY JUDGE ELECT.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY BOGARDUS.]



BENJAMIN K. PHELPS, DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD.]

gelatine works in Brooklyn, the largest of the kind in the world."

Mr. COOPER is a Democrat, and has held several important political positions. He was appointed Street Commissioner by Mayor TIEMANN, and rendered valuable service to the city in bringing order into the affairs of a mismanaged department. He was a member of the Committee of Seventy, was for six years one of the School Trustees of this city, and has been for more than twenty years a trustee of the Cooper Institute. He was elected Mayor of New York over the Tammany Hall candidate by a combination of the Republicans and of the anti-Tammany wing of the Democratic party. His majority over Mr. SCHELL was nearly 20,000.

Mr. BENJAMIN K. PHELPS, who has just been re-elected District Attorney of the city and county of New York, is a native of Massachusetts. He was born at Haverhill in 1832, studied at Yale, and graduated from that college in 1853. Mr. PHELPS, having studied law in New Hampshire, and afterward in Westchester County, New York, was in 1853 admitted to the bar at Poughkeepsie, and the following year opened an office in this city, where he has since been engaged in the active pursuit of his profession.

In 1866 Mr. PHELPS entered the office of the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York as an assistant, and remained there, under District Attorneys COURTNEY and PIERREPONT, until 1870, when he returned to private practice. While United States Assistant District Attorney Mr. PHELPS represented the government in many important litigations, and in 1869 was sent down to North Carolina to take charge of the proceedings commenced there against the steamer *Hornet* and her officers, who were charged with a violation of the neutrality laws. Mr. PHELPS was first elected District Attorney of the city and county of New York in the fall of 1872, and re-elected in 1875. During both terms of office he proved himself a lawyer of great ability and sound judgment.

Mr. RUFUS B. COWING, elected City Judge over Mr. GUNNING S. BEDFORD, the Tammany candidate, was born in Jamestown, New York, in 1840. His father died while he was only a child, and at the age of twelve years he came to this city. He received his education at the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, where he graduated in 1861. After a short experience as a clerk in a bank, he determined to study law, and for that purpose entered the office of NILES & BAGLEY, where he remained about two years. He then completed his legal studies at the Harvard Law School. In 1865 he returned to this city, and at once entered upon the practice of his profession. He has been active in State and city politics, and has served one year in the New York Board of Aldermen with great credit and to the entire satisfaction of the public. Mr. COWING took an active part in the campaign against TWEED. His public career has been upright and independent, and the public approval of his course as a politician and a citizen has been emphatically shown by his triumphant election to his present position over the Tammany candidate.

On page 937 our readers will find the portraits of the new Governors elect of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Each made a vigorous campaign on a "hard-money" platform, and their election by decisive majorities shows that the great body of the people have no sympathy with the "soft-money" heresy, or with the Greenbacker threats of repudiation.

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTAIN CARMICHAEL.

Two years later, and Vixen was sitting, with the same faithful Argus nestling beside her, by the fireside of a spacious Brighton drawing-room—a large, lofty, commonplace room, with tall windows facing seaward. Miss M'Croke was there too, standing at one of the windows taking up a dropped stitch in her knitting, while Mrs. Tempest walked slowly up and down the expanse of Brussels carpet, stopping now and then at a window to look idly out at the red sunset beyond the low-lying roofs and spars of Shoreham. Those two years had changed Violet Tempest from a slender girl to a nobly formed woman, a woman whom a sculptor would have worshipped as his dream of perfection, whom a painter would have reverenced for her glow and splender of coloring, but about whose beauty the common run of mankind, and more especially womankind, had not quite made up their minds. The pretty little women with eighteen-inch waists opined that Miss Tempest was too big.

"She's very handsome, you know, and all that," they said, deprecatingly, "and her figure is quite splendid; but she's on such a very large scale. She ought to be painted in fresco, you know, on a high cornice. As Autumn, or Plenty, or Ceres, or something of that kind, carrying a cornucopia. But in a drawing-room she looks so very massive."

The amber-haired women—palpably indebted to auricomous fluids for the color of their tresses—objected to the dark burnished gold of Violet Tempest's hair. There was too much red in the gold, they said, and a color so obviously genuine was very unfashionable. That milk-white skin of hers, too, found objectors, on the score of a slight powdering of freckles—spots which the kindly sun leaves on the fruit he best loves. In fact, there were many reservations made by Miss Tempest's pretended admirers when they summed up her good looks, but when she rode her pretty bay horse along the King's Road, strangers turned to look at her admiringly; when she entered a crowded room, she threw all paler beauties in the shade. The cabbage-rose is a vulgar flower, perhaps, but she is queen of the garden notwithstanding.

Lest it should be supposed after this that Vixen was a giantess, it may be as well to state that her height was five feet six, her waist twenty-two inches at most, her shoulders broad but finely sloping, her arms full and somewhat muscular, her hands not small but exquisitely tapering, her foot long and narrow, her instep arched like an Arab's, and all her movements instinct with an untutored grace and dignity. She held her head higher than is common to women, and on that score was found guilty of pride.

"I think we ought to go back before Christmas, Violet," said Mrs. Tempest, continuing a discussion that had been dragging itself slowly along for the last half hour.

"I am ready, mamma," answered Vixen, submissively. "It will break our hearts afresh whenever we go home, but I suppose we must go home some day."

"But you would like to see the dear old house again, surely, Violet?"

"Like to see the frame without the picture? No, no, no, mamma. The frame was very dear while the picture was in it, but—yes," cried Vixen, passionately, "I should like to go back. I should like to see papa's grave, and carry fresh flowers there every day. It has been too much neglected."

"Neglected, Violet! How can you say such things, when Manotti's bill for the monument was over nine hundred pounds?"

"Oh, mamma, there is more love in a bunch of primroses that my own hand gathers and carries to the grave than in all the marble or granite in Westminster Abbey."

"My dear, for poor people wild flowers are very nice, and show good feeling, but the rich must have monuments. There could be nothing too splendid for your dear papa," added the widow, tearfully.

She was always tearful when she spoke of her dear Edward even now, though she was beginning to find that life had some savor without him.

"No," said Vixen, "but I think papa will like the flowers best."

"Then I think, Miss M'Croke," pursued Mrs. Tempest, "we will go back at the end of November. It would be a pity to lose the season here."

Vixen yawned despondently.

"What do we care about the season, mamma?" she exclaimed. "Can it matter to us whether there are two or three thousand extra people in the place? It only makes the King's Road a little more uncomfortable."

"My dear Violet, at your age gayety is good for you," said Mrs. Tempest.

"Yes, and like most other things that are good, it's very disagreeable," retorted Vixen.

"And now about this ball," pursued Mrs. Tempest, taking up a dropped stitch in the previous argument—"I really think we ought to go, if it were only on Violet's account. Don't you, Maria?"

Mrs. Tempest always called her governess Maria when she was anxious to conciliate her.

"Violet is old enough to enter society, certainly," said Miss M'Croke, with some deliberation, "but whether a public ball—"

"If it's on my account, mamma, pray don't think of going," protested Vixen, earnestly. "I hate the idea of a ball; I hate—"

"Captain Carmichael," announced Forbes, in the dusky end of the drawing-room by the door.

"He has saved me the trouble of finishing my sentence," muttered Vixen.

The visitor came smiling through the dusk into the friendly glow of the fire. He shook hands with Mrs. Tempest with the air of an old friend, went over to the window to shake hands with Miss M'Croke, and then came back to Vixen, who gave him a limp, cold hand with an indifference that was almost insolent, while Argus lifted his head an inch or so from the carpet and saluted him with a suppressed growl. Whether this arose from a wise instinct in the animal, or from a knowledge that his mistress disliked the gentleman, would be too nice a point to decide.

"I was that moment thinking of you, Captain Carmichael," said the widow.

"An honor and a happiness for me," murmured the captain.

Mrs. Tempest seated herself in her own particular chair, beside which was her own particular table, with one of those pretty tea services which were her chief delight—a miniature silver tea-kettle with a spirit-lamp, a cozy little ball-shaped tea-pot, cups and saucers of old Battersea.

"You'll take a cup of tea?" she said, insinuatingly.

"I shall be delighted. I feel as if I ought to go home and write verses or smart paragraphs for the comic papers after drinking your tea, it is so inspiring. Addison ought to have drunk just such tea before writing one of his *Spectators*, but unfortunately his Muse required old port."

"If the *Spectator* came out nowadays, I'm afraid we should think it stupid," suggested Mrs. Tempest.

"Simply because the slipshod writers of the present day have spoiled our taste for fine English," interjected Miss M'Croke, severely.

"Well, I fear we should find Addison a little thin," said Captain Carmichael. "I can't imagine London society existing for a week on such literary pabulum as 'The Vision of Mirza.' We want something stronger than that: a little scandal about our neighbors, a racy article on field sports, some sharpish hits at the City, and one of Addison's papers on hoods or breast-knots, patches or powder, thrown in by way of padding. Our dear Joseph is too purely literary for the present age."

"What monsters newspapers have grown!" remarked Mrs. Tempest. "It's almost impossible to get through them."

"Not if you read any thing else," answered the captain. "The majority do not."

"We were talking about the ball just as you came in," said Mrs. Tempest. "I really think Vixen ought to go."

"I am sure she ought," said the captain.

Vixen sat looking at the fire and patting Argus. She did not favor the captain with so much as a glance; and yet he was a man upon whom the eyes of women were apt to dwell favorably. He was not essentially handsome. The most attractive men rarely are. He was tall and thin, with a waist as small as a woman's, small hands, small feet—a general delicacy of mould that was accounted thorough-bred. He had a long nose, a darkly pale complexion, keen gray eyes under dark brows, dark hair cropped close to his small head, thin lips, white teeth, a neat black mustache, and a strictly military appearance, though he had sold out of a crack regiment three years ago, and was now a gentleman at large, doing nothing, and living in a gentleman-like manner on a very small income. He was not in debt, and was altogether respectable. Nothing could be said against him, unless it were some dark hint of a gambling transaction, some vague whisper about the mysterious appearance of a king at écarté—the kind of rumor which is apt to pursue a man who, like Bulwer's Dudley Smooth, does not cheat, but always wins.

Despite these vague slanders, which are generally baseless—the mere expression of society's floating malice, the scum of ill nature on the world's waves—Captain Carmichael was a universal favorite. He went every where, and was liked wherever he went. He was very clever, gifted with that adaptability and handiness which is, of all cleverness, most valuable in polite society. Of him, as of Goldsmith, it might be said that he touched nothing he did not adorn. True, that the things he touched were for the most part small things, but they were things that kept him before the eye of society, and found favor in that eye.

He was a good horseman, a good oarsman, a good swimmer, a good cricketer. He played and sang; he was a first-rate amateur actor; he was great at billiards and all games of skill; he could talk any language society wanted him to talk—society not requiring a man to excel in Coptic or Chinese, or calling upon him suddenly for Japanese or Persian; he dressed with perfect taste, and without the slightest pretense of dandyism; he could write a first-rate letter, and caricature his dearest friends of last year in pen and ink for the entertainment of his dearest friends of this year; he was known to have contributed occasionally to fashionable periodicals, and was supposed to have a reserve of wit and satire which would quite have annihilated the hack writers of the day had he cared to devote himself to literature.

Mrs. Tempest and her daughter had met the captain early in the previous spring among Swiss mountains. He knew some of Mrs. Tempest's Hampshire friends, and with no other credentials had contrived to win her friendship. Vixen took it into her obstinate young head to detest him. But then Vixen at seventeen and a half was full of ridiculous dislikes and irrational caprices. Mrs. Tempest, in her lonely and somewhat depressed condition, considered the captain a particularly useful acquaintance. Miss M'Croke was dubious, but finding any expression of her doubts ungraciously received, took the safer line of silence.

The ball in question was a charity ball at the Pavilion, a perfectly unobjectionable ball. The list of patronesses bristled with noble names. There was nothing to be said against Vixen's appearance there, except Miss M'Croke's objection that Squire Tempest's daughter and heiress ought not to make her début in society at any public ball whatever. But Mrs. Tempest had set her heart upon Vixen's going to the ball; or, in other words, she had set heart upon going herself. On her way through Paris in September she had gone to Worth's—out of curiosity, just to see what the great man's salons were like—and there she had been tempted into the purchase of an artistic combination of black silk and jet, velvet and passementerie. She did not require the costume, but the thing in itself was so beautiful that she could not help buying it. And having spent a hundred guineas upon this masterpiece, there arose in her mind a natural craving to exhibit it; to feel that she was being pointed out as one of the best dressed women in the crowded room; to know that women were whispering to each other significantly, "Worth," as the velvet and silk and passementerie combination swept by them.

There was a good deal more discussion, and it was ultimately settled that Vixen should go to the ball. She had no positive objection. She would have liked the idea of the ball well enough, perhaps, if it had not been for Captain Carmichael. It was his advocacy that made the subject odious.

"How very rudely you behaved to Captain Carmichael, Violet," said Mrs. Tempest when her visitor had departed.

"Did I, mamma?" inquired Vixen, listlessly. "I thought I was extraordinarily civil. If you knew how I should have liked to behave to him, you would think so too."

"I can not imagine why you are so prejudiced against him," pursued Mrs. Tempest, fretfully.

"It is not prejudice, mamma, but instinct, like Argus's. That man is destined to do us some great wrong, if we do not escape out of his clutches."

"It is shameful of you to say such things," cried the widow, pale with anger. "What have you to say against him? What fault can you find with him? You can not deny that he is most gentleman-like."

"No, mamma; he is a little too gentleman-like. He makes a trade of his gentlemanliness. He is too highly polished for me."

"You prefer a rough young fellow, like Roderick Vawdrey, who talks slang, and smells of the stables."

"I prefer any one who is good and true," retorted Vixen. "Roderick is a man, and not to be named in the same breath with your fine gentleman."

"I admit that the comparison would be vastly to his disadvantage," said the widow. "But it's time to dress for dinner."

"And we are to dine with the Mortimers," yawned Vixen. "What a bore!"

This young lady had not that natural bent for society which is symptomatic of her age. The wound that pierced her young heart two years ago had not healed so completely that she could find pleasure in inane conversation and the factitious liveliness of a fashionable dinner table.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOST LOVE.

My heart is but a gem defaced,
Broken, but precious still;
For it has borne thine image, Love,
And yet in memory will.

My heart is but a garden bare,
In which no blossom blows;
But still it keeps a perfume rare,
For it has known its Rose.

SEVEN METALS.

In the discovery of the metals men first asserted their mastery over nature; yet the discovery is still progressing. Before the fifteenth century only seven were positively known. They were each held sacred among the ancients to some ruling deity. Gold—indestructible, malleable, the richest in coloring, the most precious of decorations—was consecrated to Jupiter, or the sun, and had already assumed the supremacy which it has never lost. It was coined into the heavy darics of Persia and the aureus of imperial Rome. It was used to gild temples and statues, was wrought into rich jewelry, and woven in delicate threads that enlivened the flowered stuffs of Babylon.

Gold mines and gold-bearing streams were found in Arabia, Syria, Greece, Italy, and Spain, and the pursuit of the precious metal was carried on with various success by countless throngs of miners. The richest mines, at least in later ages, were those of Spain, and the enormous productiveness of the Spanish soil was slowly exhausted by the successive labors of the Carthaginians and the Romans. So successful was their industry that but little gold or silver can now be found in a territory where the precious metal once lay scattered in boundless profusion on the surface of the earth.

Silver ranked next to gold, and was named from the soft light of the moon. The richest silver mines were those of Spain. It was wrought into cups, vases, lamps, adorned the helmets and shields of warriors, and formed the costly mirrors with which the Roman ladies shocked the austerity of Lactantius or Jerome. The beautiful silver coins of the Greek and Roman cities fill modern collections. Five other metals—iron, copper, mercury, lead, and tin—were employed by the ancients for various purposes; they made steel by a rude process, and brass without discovering zinc.

For many ages no addition was made to the sacred seven. Three thousand years passed away before it was suspected that the number could be increased—a memorable example of the slowness of human apprehension. At length, in 1490, antimony was added to the metallic family; and not far off from the period of the discovery of a New World the chemists were about to enter upon fresh fields of science scarcely less boundless or inviting.

A second metal, bismuth, came in almost with the Reformation. Zinc, perhaps the most important of the new family, may have preceded the others; it was certainly described long before. It is, indeed, quite curious to notice how the bright metal had been constantly forcing itself upon the attention of careful observers, and had yet been wholly overlooked; had been used by the ancients, in the form of an earth, to color copper into brass, and give it a shining surface like gold; was seen dropping from the furnaces of the Middle Ages, or melted in rich flakes from their walls.

Two magicians, or philosophers, at last detected the error of ages, and Albertus Magnus and Paracelsus probably both discovered that zinc was as indestructible and as free from foreign substances as gold. It seemed a pure element. Paracelsus, who was fond of penetrating to the source of things, admits that he could not tell how the bright metal grew; nor in the height of their magic renown was it ever foreseen that the rare substance the sorcerers had discovered would one day shed knowledge in tongues of fire from London to Japan.

Two centuries followed, during which no metallic substance was discovered. Paracelsus found no successor; Albertus, almost the first man of science in Europe, was remembered only as a sorcerer. It was not until 1733 that the vast field of metallic discovery began to open upon man. Two valuable and well-known metals—platinum and nickel—among several others, first appeared about the middle of the eighteenth century. The number of the metals now rapidly enlarged; galvanism lent its aid to dissolve the hardest earths; and at length, in the opening of the nineteenth century, a cluster of brilliant discoveries aroused the curiosity of science.

Each eminent philosopher seemed to produce new metals. Berzelius discovered three; Davy, the Paracelsus of his age, is the scientific parent of five—potassium, sodium, barium, strontium, calcium. The numbers advanced, until already more than fifty metals of various importance have been given to the arts. The new experiments in

light have added cæsium and rubidium; and no limit can now be fixed for the metallic family, which for so many ages embraced only seven members, the emblems of the ruling gods.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

One of the parties of the Geological Survey under the immediate direction of Professor Hayden discovered during the present season three complete glaciers in the Wind River Mountains, the first known to exist in the United States east of the Pacific coast. One of these is located on the east side of the Wind River Peak, near the south end of the range; the other two are situated at the east base of Fremont's Peak. The latter two occupy about two miles square in surface, and answer exactly to the description of an Alpine glacier, though not as large. They have terminal and lateral moraines, and, though seen in August, are largely solid ice, with snow around the borders, with true glacial rift, and moving slowly down. On the west side of the Wind River Mountains the ancient glacial action is the most marked and powerful ever known in this country. There are morainal ridges 1000 feet high and five miles long. The ancient glaciers must have been sixty miles long and twelve miles wide, sending up numbers of arms to the axis of the range. There are no sedimentary rocks on the west side of the range older than the Wahsatch group (middle tertiary), which juts up against the base of the range with an inclination of not over five degrees. The geology of all this district will be fully described in the twelfth annual report of the survey, for 1878.

From present appearances there is no great likelihood of the speedy extinction of the coal mines of the world, whatever may be the apprehensions in regard to those of Great Britain and other better-known countries. Beds of coal have lately been brought to light in China, and are being rapidly developed. In Japan, too, the mines are undergoing thorough investigation. Quite recently Mr. G. W. Stow has discovered a thick seam of coal in South Africa near the Vaal River, in the north of the Orange Free State. This bed is said to be twenty miles long and six miles wide, and is roughly estimated to contain 350,000,000 tons of coal. If this is correct, there will sooner or later, no doubt, be new mines brought to light.

Professor Fischer, of Prague, may be in a measure considered a martyr to science, as the result of an overweening confidence that he had discovered a means of rendering cyanide of potassium harmless. By mixing with it sal ammoniac he imagined he could destroy its terrible toxic properties; and, as an assurance, he took this combination in the presence of some fellow-investigators in the laboratory of the Gymnasium of Prague, with which he was connected. He had scarcely swallowed the mass when he was seized with violent pains, and soon expired. He was twenty-five years of age at the time of his death, and had already attained much eminence as a chemist.

Professor Geikie, in a recent number of *Nature*, takes the occasion to renew his commendation of the enterprise and liberality of the American government in its scientific publications, with special reference to the magnificent geological and geographical atlas of Colorado and the adjacent territory lately put forth by Dr. Hayden. He considered this atlas worthy of the highest praise as a representation of cartography, typography, and lithography, considering it fully equal to the finest of the great productions of the national printing-office of France. The contrast between the liberality of the United States government in the preparation of such works and their distribution to suitable places of deposit in Europe, and the niggardly policy of the British government in regard to its geological publications, has been frequently dwelt upon, the price at which its geological maps are sold being far above their cost, and such as to be almost prohibitory.

The latest news from the Norwegian expedition of Professor Nordenskjöld is under date of August 6. Leaving the coast of Norway on the 25th of July, the Jugor Straits were made on the 30th, and the mouth of the Yenisei on the 6th of the following month. A fresh start was to be made on the 12th of August. The Kara Sea was free of ice. Every thing indicated a reasonable success of the expedition.

The death of Mr. Thomas Grubb is announced as having taken place on the 19th of September. Mr. Grubb commenced his business career as a mechanical engineer, and soon became favorably known for connection with the machinery devised by him in engraving, printing, and numbering the notes of the Bank of Ireland. He subsequently took up the business of a practical optician, which he afterward made his profession, supplying some of the finest instruments now in use in Great Britain. Conspicuous among these are twelve, thirteen, and fifteen inch aperture reflecting telescopes. Toward the end of his life Mr. Grubb turned over the business of the firm to his son, Mr. Howard Grubb, who has conducted it with increasing reputation. The fifteen-inch refractors made for Lord Lindsay and Dr. Huggins are among his more important productions.

Many statements have been published during the past year of the death of large numbers of fish in ponds and rivers, caused, as is supposed, by the washing down from the fields of Paris green used for the destruction of the potato-bug. Similar statements have been made as to the destruction of fowl and wild birds. The Department of Agriculture is very desirous of settling this question, and wishes to receive specimens of any animals which are believed to have perished from the cause referred to, as a careful analysis will probably determine whether the hypothesis on the subject is correct. Specimens should be sent to the department by express or otherwise, accompanied by an explanatory letter. Fish may perhaps advantageously be placed in alcohol for their better preservation.

A rather curious method of obtaining seed diamonds is practiced in the province of Shantung, in China, where this mineral occurs of very diminutive size in the sands of the valleys and streams of the diamond mountains. Men with thick straw shoes are employed to walk about in these sands, and the diamonds, which are ragged and pointed, remain in the shoes, which are then collected and burned in great numbers, after which the diamonds are sought for in the ashes. A diamond as large as a pea has lately been discovered in the province in question, and sold in Chefoo.

The death of Mr. Ernest Quetelet on the 6th of September, at Brussels, is a serious loss to scientific circles in Belgium. Mr. Quetelet was scarcely less distinguished as an astronomer than his late father, Professor A. Quetelet, and had been connected with the Royal Observatory of Brussels for several years.

Naturalists and geologists will be pained to hear of the death of Mr. Thomas Belt, the well-known author of the *Naturalist in Nicaragua*, which lately took place in Colorado. He was well known as a geologist, in which science he made some important generalizations and many valuable observations, more particularly relating to the drift, the loess, and glacial periods. For several years past Mr. Belt has been a resident of the United States, being in charge of important grazing and mining interests in Colorado.

The Transactions of the American Fish-Culturists' Association for the year 1877 have just appeared in a well-printed pamphlet, and contain the usual notices of the doings of the Convention which was held on the 27th of February in the rooms of the New York Fish-mongers' Association. Numerous papers of interest were presented to the meeting, the most important of which were by Mr. G. Brown Goode upon "The Migration of Fishes" and "Statistics of American Fisheries."

During the present summer the European pelamy, *Orcynus pelamys*, a species of bonito, has been caught in the pounds in Vineyard Sound, one at Menemsha, on Martha's Vineyard, having taken many hundreds of them, fifty-two at one time. They have usually been taken when the wind was from the north. It is very difficult to keep them in the fish pounds, as they injure themselves by their struggles to escape. The fish weighs about ten pounds, and resembles the bonito, only it is larger, and, instead of oblique stripes on the side, has four longitudinal dark lines on the belly. A few years ago a specimen was exhibited in the New York market, but unfortunately was not saved, and up to the present time the only voucher for the species as American has been a specimen caught off Cape Cod, and sent to the Museum of Comparative Zoology in Cambridge. Fortunately the present opportunity has been made use of for securing several specimens for the National Museum in Washington, where, we have no doubt, a colored cast in plaster will before long be added to its rich series of reproduction.

Another interesting addition to the fauna of the coast is a small tunny with very long pectoral fins, the fish being about three feet in length, and a miniature of the common horse-mackerel of the coast. It is known as the *Orcynus alalonga* or allatunga. It is believed to be the first instance of its detection in American waters.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

About two years ago the corner-stone of the Hahnemann Hospital was laid with appropriate ceremonies, in which, it may be of interest to remember, the late William Cullen Bryant participated. The new building was recently formally opened for the reception of patients, a social entertainment being given on the occasion by the ladies of the Hahnemann Hospital Association, to whose untiring efforts the success of this benevolent undertaking is mainly due. The hospital is located on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street, and is a large four-story brick building, well lighted, and having ample grounds around it for the recreation of those patients who are able to avail themselves of opportunities provided for fresh air and gentle exercise. The name "Hahnemann Hospital," which is over the main entrance on Fourth Avenue, was, of course, given in honor of the founder of the homœopathic system of medicine. On the second floor of the building are some of the rooms furnished by special donations from ladies, and they are very cheerful and attractive. Upon the third floor are the men's, women's, and children's wards, all well warmed, lighted, and ventilated; while on the upper floor are some rooms for those who desire private attendance at a moderate cost. The hospital is provided with all the conveniences which liberality and good judgment could devise. The library contains about four hundred volumes, a large proportion of which were presented by the Apprentices' Library Society. Books, magazines, and newspapers will be most welcome if sent to this new hospital. The building is free from debt, but has no endowment from which to draw means of support.

Winter is approaching in reality. On the morning of November 1 the ground was covered with snow in the eastern section of Dutchess County, New York, and on November 4 a severe snow-storm prevailed at St. John, New Brunswick. There is much prophesying in all parts of the country in regard to the weather of the coming winter. Some prophets assert that the winter will be unusually cold, and others that it will be remarkably warm. The latter found their belief on the fact, if it is a fact, that there are this fall very few pine nuts and acorns in the woods and on the mountains, and say that when there is to be a cold and stormy winter there is always an abundance of these nuts.

The Internal Revenue Department has been for some time past making experiments with inks to be used in the cancellation of stamps. It has finally adopted an ink manufactured by a Philadelphia firm, which is said to meet with the requirements of the department—that is, it can not be washed it.

Young ladies are employed in the observatories of Washington and Harvard. They make calculations, but do not take observations with the telescope.

Another "oldest house in America" has been developed. It was thought a while ago that the "Horton house," at Southold, Long Island, claimed priority, it having been built in 1639. Now somebody says that the "Pickering house," on Broad Street, Salem, Massachusetts, dates back to 1635, and the house at the corner of Essex and North streets, known either as the "Roger Williams house" or the "Old Witch house," was constructed in 1631. The frame of the "First Church," erected in 1629, is standing at the rear of the Essex Institute, in the same city. Rumor also says that the old "Tucker house," near Tucker's Wharf, in Marblehead, Massachusetts, was built before 1630. In a published atlas of Essex County it is designated as "the oldest house in Massachusetts."

There seems to be no end to bold and intrepid explorers. A party of ten persons—so says the Indianapolis *Journal*—has recently left that city for British America and the arctic regions, the object being to find out how to reach the north pole—that long-vexed problem. They are very hopeful, as many others have been, that they may be able to find traces of the long-lost explorer Sir John Franklin. They expect to push as far north as 80° before going into winter-quarters. Fifty trained Esquimaux trappers and fishermen are engaged to accompany the explorers, and trained dogs, reindeer, and sledges are provided for this Northern voyage.

Brief, but to the point. A note was addressed to Mr. Gladstone by the editor of a newspaper asking him if he had ever been in America. His answer was as follows:

"Sir,—I regret to reply, never.
"Your obedient servant,
"W. E. Gladstone."

A proposition has been made to maintain the Exposition Building on the Champ de Mars as a place of popular entertainment for the Parisians.

A Virginia gentleman of scientific turn of mind, who has been a great sufferer during the past summer from the drought, has aspired to a new science—that of controlling the clouds in order to cause it to rain at will. He has built a "rain tower," thirty feet in diameter at the base and forty feet high. This tower contains four flues, and two of them extend twenty feet above the tower. The method by which rain is to be produced is to fill the flues with dry pine wood, which is set on fire, and kept burning until the desired effect appears in the form of rain-clouds. The originator of this novel idea firmly believes in the utility of his invention, although he has made repeated trials, and thus far the heavens have been unpropitious.

Several years ago a pressman of one of our prominent daily newspapers was suddenly killed by the fall of a roll of paper. His wife had been accustomed to bring his lunch every night to the press-room. On that fatal night he was not there to meet her, and when she went home she found his dead body. The shock made her insane, and she still harmlessly and hopelessly keeps up a search for her husband. Almost any night a neatly dressed, white-haired woman may be seen lingering about the City Hall Park, even until after midnight, with an anxious look upon her face. It is the poor insane widow searching for her husband.

The sterlet—a kind of sturgeon found in the Volga and in other streams tributary to the Black and Caspian seas—is claimed by Russians to be the most delicious fish in existence. It commands a high price, so that only the wealthy can afford the delicacy. In the Russian restaurant the sterlet is kept—as are also other fish—in a tank. The customer selects such a fish as he approves, and it is killed and cooked for him. Being served fresh, its flavor is very fine. Any fish is infinitely better if cooked when perfectly fresh.

New York State dairy statistics, as given in an exchange, will be of general interest. New York has 1139 factories for cheese, or butter and cheese. The average number of cows contributing milk is 308,352, owned by 23,005 patrons, and producing 83,116,006 pounds of cheese, 3,214,125 pounds of butter, and 7,880,752 pounds of skim cheese. Since these statistics were compiled there has doubtless been some slight changes, so that now there may be 1140 factories for cheese, and the number of pounds produced may have increased a few thousands.

In Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, there are eight Chinese students, sixteen ministers' sons, and four sons of foreign missionaries.

Gérôme's "Gladiators"—a group of bronze statuary—occupied a prominent place in the vestibule of the Trocadéro during the Exhibition. It is not regarded, however, as one of the most successful efforts of the celebrated artist.

Largentière, a town in the southeast of France, was recently flooded by the river Ligne, which rose twenty-two feet in a single hour. Much property was destroyed, but no lives lost. Largentière has a population of about three thousand, and is noted for its silk factories.

Pine-apples that ripen on their native soil are so unlike those we get here that they do not taste like the same fruit. A new industry has recently been commenced on the island of New Providence, one of the Bahama Isles, which promises to be lucrative. The pine-apple is preserved in tins when it is fully ripened, and is shipped in a perfect condition. Thus prepared, the fruit is said to be almost as delicious as when freshly gathered. A large factory for preserving has been established at Nassau, and large quantities are expected to be soon in our markets.

In a recent French work some excellent advice is given in respect to the use of the eyes. A habit of resting them often during work is specially recommended. To persist in using them after symptoms of fatigue appear is both foolish and dangerous. When the eyes begin to itch, grow red, or any pain is felt in them, work should be discontinued, and cold water applied. A change of employment is often restful, as much to the eyes as to the mind and body in general. To close the eyes for a few moments, or to take a turn in the fresh air, will produce a good effect, as well as frequent bathing with cold water.

A mistake of a single letter in sending a telegram sometimes causes singular results. The *Court Journal* tells of a director of the Southwestern Railway who, being about to take a trip to the North with his family, telegraphed to Berwick-on-Tweed to have the largest "saloon" carriage sent for him. On his arrival with his family at the terminus he asked for the saloon. There was none. The director was indignant. Had he not ordered one? Where could his saloon be? At last a porter observed, "If there's no saloon for you, there's a salmon;" and he pointed to one weighing forty-eight pounds, with the director's name on it. Upon inquiry it turned out that the telegram was worded, "Send up at once the largest salmon you can procure." Still more indignant, the director went to the telegraph clerk and said, "Do you know who I am?" And the clerk guessed.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"How are the stairs?" said the lady to the house agent; "not steep, I hope?" "Steep, madam? I should say not. It's the easiest staircase I ever saw in my life. Why, it's so easy that when you're going up you'd swear you were going down."

The man who goes to church simply because he has nothing else to do, may not be a heathen, but he is certainly an idle worshipper.

A gentleman lately heard an Irish laborer grandly informing two comrades that "a 74-pounder is a cannon that sends a pound ball exactly seventy-four miles."

In a discussion on cremation at a London club a member is credited with the argument: "We earn our living, why should we not urn our dead?"

"Is your master up?" asked an early visitor of a nobleman's valet. "Yes, Sir," answered the valet, with great innocence; "the butler and I carried him up about three o'clock."

It takes a man who wants office to see the corruption there is in official circles. The more he sees of it, the more anxious he seems to be to get into it.

He commenced with "Oh! can these lovely eyes of thine"—when she stopped him short and told him she wasn't canning that kind of fruit just then, and wouldn't be coaxed to it either.

There is more active fun in an ounce of kitten than in a ton of elephant.

A Frenchman, eight days after marriage, and while on his wedding trip, receives a telegram announcing the death of his mother-in-law, and with touching sincerity writes her epitaph: "To the best of mothers-in-law."

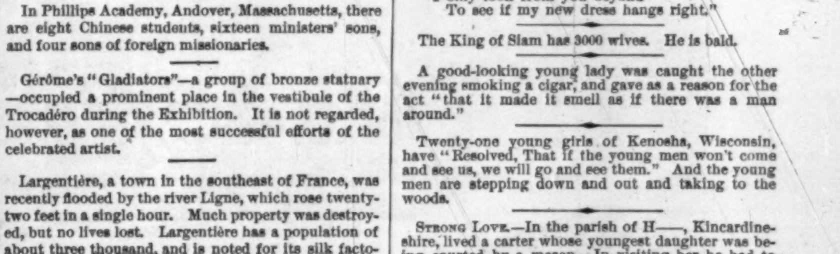
They were waltzing 'round the ball-room gay,
Made bright with lights and mirrors fine;
She turned her face from his away.
"Pray, what's the matter, darling mine?
Has what I've said giv'n thee offense?
Has aught I've done estranged thy heart?
Turn not from me your sweet face hence—
I can not, can not, from thee part!"
"How foolish, Fred! you know I'm fond;
And as we pass yon pier-glass bright,
I only look from you beyond
To see if my new dress hangs right."

The King of Siam has 3000 wives. He is bald.

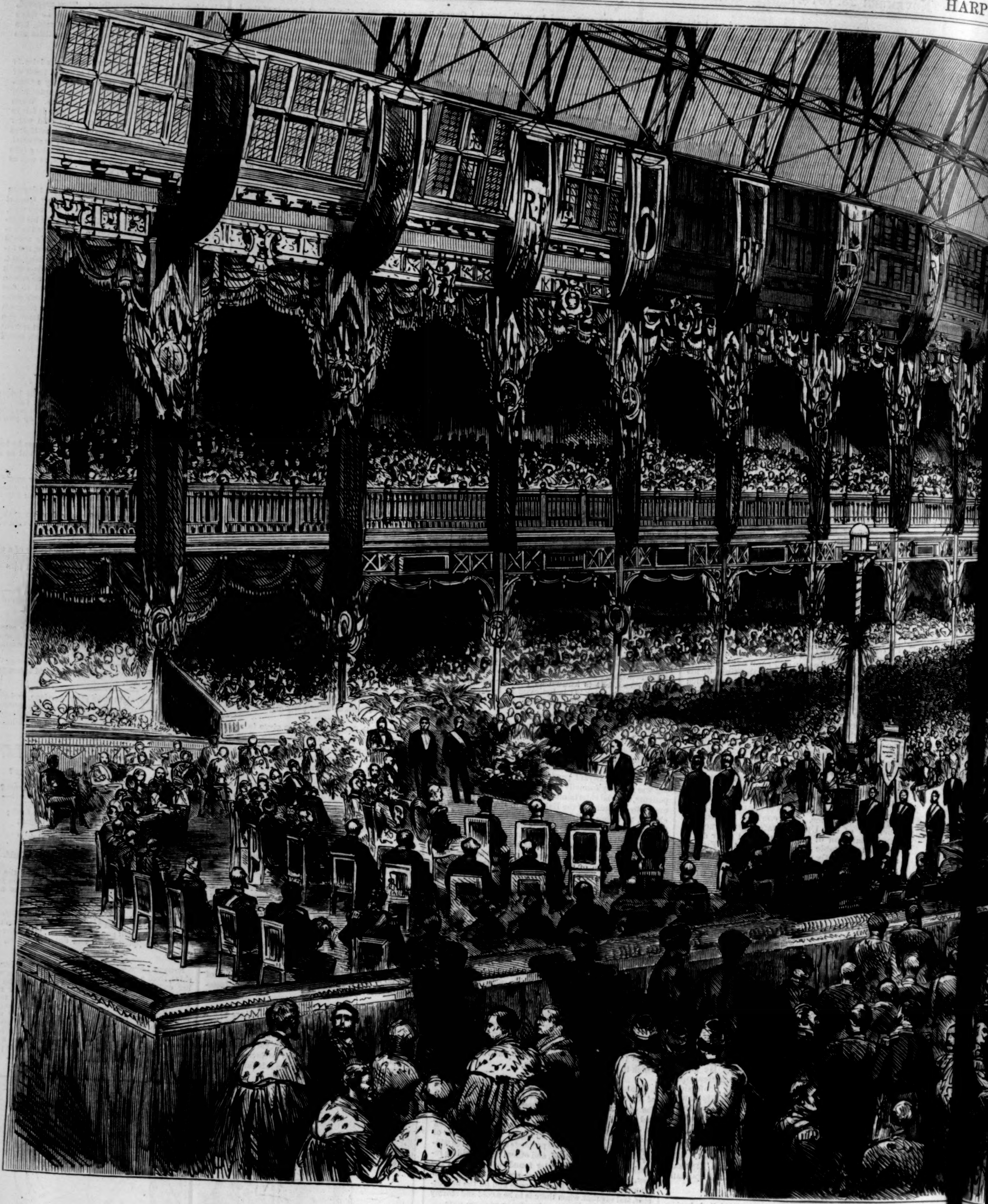
A good-looking young lady was caught the other evening smoking a cigar, and gave as a reason for the act "that it made it smell as if there was a man around."

Twenty-one young girls of Kenosha, Wisconsin, have "Resolved, That if the young men won't come and see us, we will go and see them." And the young men are stepping down and out and taking to the woods.

Strong Love.—In the parish of H——, Kincardineshire, lived a carter whose youngest daughter was being courted by a mason. In visiting her he had to cross a bridge over a small burn of water running from the mill. Having taken a little too much of "John Barleycorn" on the meeting night, he stumbled and fell into the water, which fortunately was not very deep at the time. Gathering himself up as best he could, he walked to the gate where his intended was waiting for him. "Oh, Charlie, you're a' weet!" was her startled greeting. "Eh, na, Annie; it's the dew o' love," was the loving fellow's answer.



A POPULAR CYCLONE SWEEPS AWAY THE PAPER DOLS.



THE PARIS EXHIBITION—DISTRIBUTION OF THE DIPLOMAS O[F H]ONOR

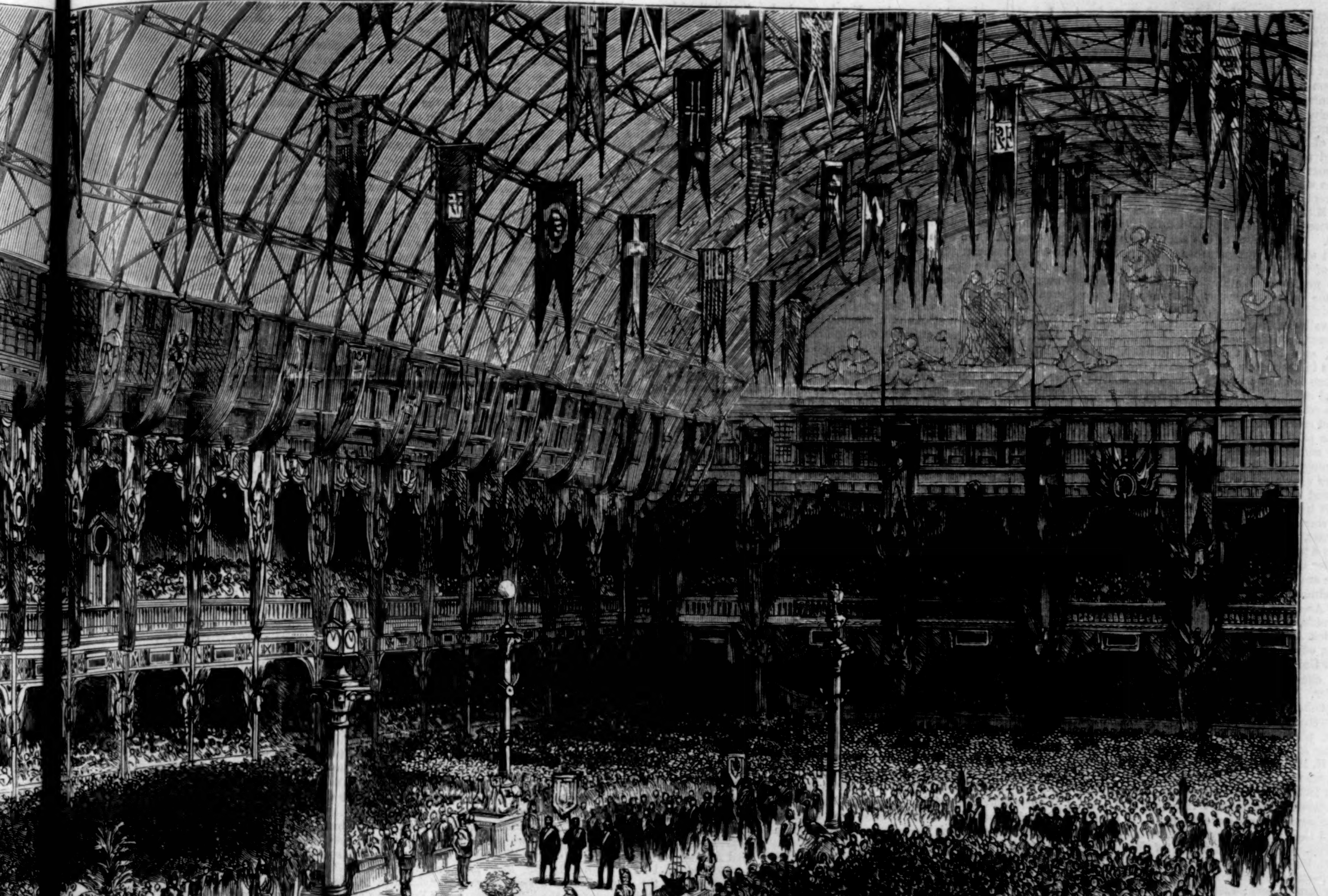
THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The closing scenes of the Paris Exhibition were not less brilliant than those which marked its beginning. The last great event was the distribution of prizes to those whose exhibits entitled them to such honors. This was done by the Marshal-President himself in the presence of over twenty thousand spectators, including among their number several princes and distinguished representatives of nearly every nation.

The building where the great ceremonial took place is the Palais de l'Industrie, erected by Napoleon III. with an express view to occasions like the one in question. In it was held the first World's Fair ever given at Paris—that of 1855. Since then the immense structure has been used for various purposes apparently inconsistent with its dignity, such as horse shows and trivial agricultural fairs; but of late the great nave, roofed with glass, has been filled with rare plants, and occupied as a winter garden. In decorating the main hall for the closing ceremonies of the Exhibition, full rein was given to the love of brilliancy and display characteristic of the French as a nation. Crimson and gold were the chief colors employed, the galleries being bountifully hung with drapery in which these hues were combined, and the columns bound in crimson velvet, and embellished with gilded shields on which was inscribed the word "Pax," or the letters "R. F.," the initials of the *République Française*. Banners and pennons belonging to various countries represented at the Exhibition hung from the roof, while gigantic shields inscribed with the name of each nation were ranged round the galleries. The immense area beneath, filled with red velvet benches, was also broken by emblems representing the industrial and agricultural arts.

The arrangements for seating the immense multitude that was expected to assemble were admirable. On the side nearest the Place de la Concorde was erected a dais for the accommodation of the President of the Republic. At an elevation of twenty feet was the platform, containing sixty seats for the Chief Executive, foreign princes, diplomates, Presidents and Bureaus of the two Chambers of the Legislature, special ambassadors, ministers, and Prefects of the Seine, the Chief of Police, and subordinate cabinet officers. The staircase leading to the platform was flanked by two enormous pedestals decorated with various trophies of industry and science. At each side were beautifully decorated boxes specially set apart for the wife of President M'Mahon and those of the cabinet ministers and members of the diplomatic corps. In the space separating the "seats of honor" from those provided for the ladies were chairs for the regular foreign ambassadors, foreign Commissioners, the General Commission (French) of the Exposition and Council of the Legion of Honor. Rising gradually tier above tier, the seats reached the first gallery, which runs around the building. On both sides of th[...]e and in the first gallery, we[...] large nu[...] for ladies. On the[...]es reac[...] the seats of honor t[...] gallery w[...] the Council of Sta[...] Magistr[...] Councillors, Deputie[...]tors, an[...] the bar.

Surprising as it m[...], in vi[...]titude to be accomm[...], we have [...] of our countryman [...]cis W. [...] recipient of one of t[...] honors [...] author of a most a[...]le telegr[...] of the ceremonies, [...]hed in t[...] *Herald*—to the effe[...], owing t[...] arrangements enfor[...]re was [...] or disorder while th[...]tors wer[...]



S OF ONOR BY MARSHAL M'MAHON IN THE PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE.

of th e and in front of it, in ry, we large number of boxes n the es reaching up from nor t gallery were places for f Stat e Magistracy, Municipal eputie ators, and members of

s it m n, in view of the mul- omm , we have the testimony man rs W. M'Cormick—a e of t s honors awarded, and st a e telegraphic account nies, hed in the New York effe , owing to the superior enfor ere was no confusion le th tors were assembling.

Each ticket bore on its face the number of the section and the number of the seat to which the holder was assigned, while on its reverse side was a diagram of the building, indicating the entrance to each section. Just in front of the dais where the President sat were three thousand seats for the fortunate persons who had obtained prizes. These seats formed two immense squares, separated from the other portions of the nave by a wide passage, beyond which again were places for the thousand jurors. Beyond the jurors was an inclined plane affording space for eight thousand persons, the seats being so raised that those occupying them could distinctly see all that transpired on the dais. This, however, was only a small portion of the accommodation which French ingenuity had contrived out of the space at command. Rows of seats rose one above another to the first story on both sides of the nave, and others were erected above these as high as the substantial pillars that support the roof. At the end of the nave, and facing the chair of the President, were boxes for about a thousand spectators. By ranging seats up toward the roof from all sides, and by judicious division of the galleries, seats were provided for about twenty-two thousand persons. The orchestral accommodations were superb. Several hundreds of musicians, men and women, occupied seats in the nave very nearly in front of the President.

Although it had been announced that the ceremonies would not begin until one o'clock, the stage was filled some two hours earlier, so afraid were the ticket-holders lest their places should be appropriated. Precisely at ten minutes to one M. Grévy and the Bureau of Deputies arrived, and took their seats on the estrade to the left of the President's position, amid the cheers of the spectators. Immediately after followed the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, with the Bureau of the Senate. These were seated to the right of the Presidential chair. At five minutes to one the booming of cannon announced the approach of the cortége, which had meanwhile created no little sensation in its march through the Champs Élysées. At one punctually the Marshal-President, dressed in the full uniform of his rank in the army, entered the nave, preceded by the Introducer of Ambassadors and Master of Ceremonies. On his right walked Don Francisco de Assisi, on his left his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and followed by the Duca d'Aosta, the Count of Flanders, and the Prince of Sweden, who took their seats on the estrade in the order indicated. Then ensued a picturesque international procession, formed of the regiments which had been sent over by the various nations to guard their respective sections. These, clad in their national uniforms, and bearing each the flag of the country it represented, formed a most effective feature of the parade, ranging as they did from the silk-clad Celestials, with their Yellow Dragon, to the United States sailors, with the Stars and Stripes, from the picturesquely clad Hungarian to the burly negroes

of Senegal, with a perfect Goliath of Gath for their leader. Next came a procession of groups of exhibitors, representing their various classes, also bearing banners, some of which are said to have cost from four to five thousand dollars.

As soon as all were in their places, each foreign Commissioner-General ascended the estrade and received from the Minister of Agriculture a book containing a catalogue of the awards. This portion of the ceremony being over, the Marshal rose and read his address. It was listened to throughout with great interest, and many of the passages were enthusiastically cheered.

The reply to the President's address was made by the Minister of Agriculture, but this part of the proceedings was listened to with much less interest. At the close of the long speech relief was felt when M. Berger arose to announce the names of the foreign exhibitors admitted to the various grades of the Legion of Honor. This honorable order at present contains about one hundred thousand members, the majority of whom are chevaliers and knights. Next in order come the officers, then the commanders, then the grand officers, and lastly the grand crosses. The knight's insignia are a red ribbon at the button-hole when he is in civilian's clothes and a silver-mounted cross when he is in uniform; the officer wears a rosette when in plain clothes, and a gold-mounted cross in uniform, and it should be added that the officer's rosette is worn by members of all the superior grades when in morning dress. In evening dress or uniform, however, the commanders wear a red collar with a cross pendent; the grand officers sport a collar with a star on the left breast, and the grand crosses wear a larger star and a broad moiré red ribbon across the breast. In the cases of soldiers and sailors there is a pension attached to the decoration, and the order is not closed to women. On the occasion we are describing a large number of persons were admitted to the Legion of Honor, but the list of Americans reads as follows: Richard A. M'Cormick, Commissioner-General, commander; Frederick A. P. Barnard, President of Columbia College, officer; Andrew D. White, President of Cornell University, officer; Professor William P. Blake, chevalier; and Mr. Edward H. Knight, chevalier.

A number of exhibitors were also decorated. These were: Charles Tiffany, silverware; Thomas Edison, phonograph; Elisha Gray, telephone; Brewster & Co., carriages; J. A. Bridgman, artist. Cyrus H. M'Cormick, of Chicago, and Walter A. Wood, who were admitted to the order as chevaliers in 1867, were made officers on this occasion. The following members of the American Commission were also made chevaliers: A. H. Girard, Foreign Secretary; Henry Pettit, architect; Homer Pickering, Superintendent of Machinery; John D. Philbrick, Superintendent of the Educational Section; D. M. Armstrong, Superintendent of the Art Gallery; Lieutenant B. H. Buckingham, Naval Attaché.

As soon as the business of distributing the awards was concluded, President M'Mahon left the dais and advanced to the middle of the hall, followed by the cortége that had entered with him. At this point he was greeted with cheers, mingled with cries of "Vive la République!" Amid a general tumult of acclamation the procession left the hall, and the great Exhibition of 1878 was at an end. Paris was illuminated during the evening, and many public and private entertainments given, in the course of which her citizens congratulated themselves and their foreign visitors upon the happy and successful termination of the first World's Fair held in France under the auspices of the republic.

INDIVIDUAL PRIZES.

"Nothing succeeds like success" means, perhaps, apart from the implied sneer, that acquired impetus sends us forward to new achievements. At any rate, I found it so when I applied the theory to Kate.

It is true that, owing either to something yet uncivilized in their natures, or else to the law of contradictions that makes the spark where positive and negative currents meet, women admire brute strength, and make themselves the adoring slaves of those great creatures who are mere agglomerations of muscle and adipose, far sooner than of the slender, wiry men of brains. "And very righteously," Kate said, when I charged the fact. "We are all animals, and they are the perfect animal. If they could have brains too—but that would put the earth off her balance—we should have the sons of God among us again."

"Looking on the daughters of men, and finding that they were fair," I said. No wonder, if they were all as fair as Kate, the bonny creature, who knew her power, and knowing, dared maintain.

It seemed to me that I had been in despair regarding the indifference of this bonny creature since time immemorial. In reality it was only about a year since the fact dawned upon me, as she sat in the stern of my boat, her dark hair darker, and all her soft outlines clearly cut upon a tender evening sky, her cheeks bright with the breeze, her eyes bright with pleasure, that she was the most charming object that ever skimmed the river, and absolutely indispensable to my existence. But I had never once attempted to let her know as much without meeting a rebuff sufficient to make one's blood run cold, and it was in one such instance that I had declared no man could hope for favor with the women of her set who was not the captain of a nine, the driver of a four-in-hand, or a walker against time.

"You are quite mistaken, so far as I am concerned," said Kate. "For my part I don't believe in muscle at all. Samson and Goliath could do nothing worth while if they were on the earth to-day. I don't believe a boat-race, for example, was ever won by brute strength in the world."

"By what, then?"

"By science and nervous pluck."

I had occasion to remember Kate's words when a parcel of our fellows came into the office and began discussing the challenge lately sent to our club, the Cheviots, by the Gaths. The Cheviots had become somewhat demoralized by their victories, and were, so to say, lying on their oars. It had been a hot summer, and the club had really done no work at all, now and then some members taking out a party of ladies, or a solitary man enjoying a stretch, but for the most we had contented ourselves by lounging over to the boat-house for a bath, and a gossip and a smoke on the balconies in the sunset. Our best men, those that had won in the previous contests, were one in Europe, one in Australia, and the rest at the land's end, with the exception of Rogers, who was ill. We were certainly in no condition to accept a challenge from the Gaths, yet still less could we refuse one. Holding the champion colors, as we did, we could hardly lower them to any, even to the Gaths. The Gaths, indeed, were in splendid trim: there was Converse, an Englishman, who had been stroke of a winning crew at Oxford, a magnificent creature, one hundred and eighty pounds clear muscle, shoulders and chest that would have made Hercules shed tears; there was Dunbar, another young giant, who had beaten professionals at single scull four times; there was— Well, there's no need to go through with them now; it made one's flesh creep to do it then. We hadn't a man left in the club that they couldn't get away with. Realizing the situation, we looked at each other blankly.

"You'll have to get into the boat yourself, Geoffreys," said Harden.

"Not unless I want to sink it."

"I don't see what else we can do."

"We can't do that; we can't afford to do it. No, we must look about—not in a hurry."

"Oh, come, Geoffreys, you've been lying off long enough!" cried Jersey.

"What do they propose to row for? Hang 'em!"

"Individual prizes."

"Individual prizes! We can't afford to do that, either; it will stick us for a couple of hundred extra—another assessment, and the boat-house just paid for. It can't be done. Row as we always have—row for colors."

Well, we looked about us, and the end of it was that they came on another day and took me by main force, and the crew was made up—Harden and Rogers, myself and little Jersey; I to pull stroke, little Jersey to steer; and he weighed, maybe, a hundred and sixteen pounds. And that was the most we could offer. The Gaths insisted on their individual prizes. I tell you, things looked dark; the whole thing seemed preposterous; and for about a week I didn't dare look a soul in the face.

"So you are going to show the Gaths what we can do," said Kate one day; for the girls whom we were in the habit of taking out on sunset parties and at other times were all ardent Cheviots. There was another club in town—the Jasons—but the girls never seemed to know it.

"Or what we can't," said I.

"Down-hearted? 'Faint heart never won,' you know," she said.

"Nor monstrous conceit either. We can't refuse; we must row—that's all there is to it. Oh, we've no show at all!"

"I won't listen to such talk a moment," cried Kate, stooping to gather her train, and bringing the bright flush to her peachy cheek. "I have wagered all my next winter's gloves on the Cheviots, and if you make me lose them— Mr. Geoffreys, if the Cheviots don't win, I don't know that I'll ever speak to you again!" And off she swept, the laugh on her lips, but a good deal of sparkle in her eye.

"And that too!" I said; and plunged my hands in my pockets with a groan, for of course there was nothing but dead failure before the Cheviots.

"Still, all we can do is our best," said Harden; and we used his remark for a catch-word every day probably during the following weeks.

The thing being decided, we ordered a new boat at once, and went into training, messing together, and keeping up each other's spirits by stories of what we had heard of the Gaths' achievements.

We received a little encouragement, however, from the fact that we soon found ourselves pulling remarkably well together; but the Gaths had been pulling well together long enough to feel themselves entitled to challenge us as the champions. "Well, we'll have a Champagne supper out of it, anyway," said little Jersey, after we had ruefully contemplated the facts; and we all found ourselves falling back on that compensation. "And we haven't to give up our colors, anyway. Individual prizes!—we only lose what we never had," said Harden.

"And reputation and admiration and triumph and glory," said I, "and self-respect and satisfaction and—"

"Oh, shut up, you croaker! I'll tell you one advantage we have over those fellows: we've been going to bed regularly at half past one every night indefinitely, while they've been stupefying their brains with their pillows at curfew, like the animals they are."

"Boys," said I, fearing that, if this state of mind continued, our defeat would be our disgrace also, "I lately heard competent authority declare that brute strength never yet won any where. If that was all we had, we'd lose this race anyway, the Gaths have so much more than their share. Science—science, gentlemen, tells in the long-run, and where the lion's skin falls short, we must eke it out with the fox's."

"Shakspeare," said little Jersey.

"Just leave this out to me," said I, "and we'll see what can be done."

Accordingly I had outriggers attached to the shell full four inches longer than any we ever had before. Our oars were the heaviest made, but I had them plugged with handles an extra length.

"A shell with a man in it is a bird," said I, as we took our places one evening; "and the flight of the bird is measured by the comparative length of his wing. That bird of the air whose quills are longest breakfasts in Senegal and dines in America."

Whereat they all began to sing "On mighty pens," but acknowledged the tremendous purchase given by the new appliances.

As the time for the race drew nearer, there began to be a good deal of feeling among the Cheviots at large; some of them were on hand every time we took exercise; they saw us into the boat, and they rowed along beside us, encouraging and coaching, till, finding that we really meant business, and were not absolutely going to give the Cheviots away, they contented themselves by spending the most of their time at the boat-house, and by coming over to our quarters "to see the animals feed," as Jersey said, and by regarding us altogether much as the Egyptians regarded the sacred bull. Mighty good appetites we brought to our Spartan diet.

"But how those fellows, fresh from Lucullan banquets," said Jersey, again, who was fond of pie, "can sit by and see us surrounding that prison fare, and add nothing but chaff, is one of the mysteries of the dark side of human nature."

"I don't know, Harden," said I, one sunset, at last, "but it seems to me that this boat is going fast."

"Flying," said Harden.

"Blowing the smoke off blazes," said little Jersey.

"And it seems to me we are in remarkably good form."

"That's so," said Jersey. "I feel your fingers on my oar."

"Well, they may beat us, but they'll have to work for it."

It wanted only a week of the day, when a dreadful whisper stole through the club that Rogers was falling off. It was too true; he had trained too fine, and—Job was a joke to him. The whole club turned out in force, and there were a dozen men at one time in our quarters bringing up re-enforcements of hot poultices. It was of no use, Rogers had to lie by, and we had to do the best we could again, gnash our teeth, and take Devlin for what he was worth in the place. "Give it to him gently," said Harden on the first night; so we pulled at a good but reasonable gait down to the turning-point, rested under the green shadow of the great hills there that fell half across the river, and made it so transparent that we seemed to be swinging in a bubble, the face of the river, far and near, still as a crystal except where our keel had ripped through it, and we went back at a little livelier rate, and Devlin was very well pleased with himself. The next day we quickened matters considerably; but on the third, as we stepped in, I said, "Now, Devlin, look to yourself," gave the stroke, and we shot away. Before we reached the shadow of the hills Devlin was swinging about his seat and rowing all at loose ends.

"Hold hard, old boy!" muttered Jersey behind him. "I'm nearly blown myself, but I'll never say die!" Devlin picked himself up for the time, but a moment or two after we turned he cried, or rather gasped, "Gentlemen, if this is the way you row, I must get out of this boat. What's more, you don't need me."

"Sick of it?" said Jersey, encouragingly. "So am I. Should like to throw it up myself."

"Ease him off a little, Geoffreys," said Harden; and we came in leisurely. But after one or two days' further labor there was no complaint from Devlin. "I'm going to put it through if it breaks things," said he; and he rowed as the rest did—as if we had but one heart in four bodies.

The day before the race the Gaths arrived. Of course we had to receive them, do the honors, and show them the town and the girls and the river. With them came their boat—a swell thing, I can assure you, covered to the nose with linen, and in charge of their own janitor. As we hadn't any designs on their boat, and although expecting them to win, only meant to make them earn their honors, we didn't object to the janitor. But when we went up to the boat-house and saw him sitting there, the picture of gentle pity and complacent contempt for all boatmen in creation but Gaths, we knew what good reason he had for his complacency in the proud possession of his giants, and felt it slightly exasperating.

"How's the water?" said I, as we stepped down the slip, for the wind was blowing through the hills in gusts, and there was a good chop on the river.

"Calm's a pond," said he, placidly.

We looked at each other and groaned inwardly—the Gaths had always rowed on the bay, about the same as sea-water, and we had rowed on a smooth inland surface: a chop and swell that would annihilate us would be water over which they would skim like so many Camillas o'er the plain. But we went off quietly, serenading the janitor with "Weel may the boatie row!" as we went. Our new boat had come, and waited for us, outriggers and all, and we had taken her down to a spot secure from observation, and given her a thorough trial. She was a beauty, and from the moment she took water answered to our will not merely like a steed beneath its rider, but as the breath does in one's nostrils. We came in after our breather on an easy jog, and there sat the janitor as we had left him. "I say," said he, with the air of keeping the sad secret from our superiors, as I came up the slip—"I say. Is that the best you can do?"

"Best?" I answered. "I can't say that it is. We weren't on our mettle just now, you know. I suppose we could do a little better on a spurt. But perhaps that is a fair average."

"I'm sorry for you," said he, with really compassionate condescension, not that we were simply to be beaten, but that we were to be beaten out of sight. But I had heard that in diplomacy it is sometimes what is not said that counts, and there were certain things to be read between the lines of my reply.

Well, we were a pretty sore set that night. Blue? Black and blue. "I'll tell you what, Will," said I to Harden, "if we die, we must die game. Suppose we take the law in our hands—it's the last night—and have a bird supper. John Biglin says—"

"What does John Biglin say?" they cried, starting up and smacking their lips.

"That one must not do any thing of the kind. But I think we might have a stove-pipe." So we marched across the street and drank our beer. "Here's to to-morrow—bad cess to it!" said Jersey.

The first thing that we looked for in the morning was the water: it was as smooth as a baby's cheek, and as rosy in the sunrise that stole over it between the dewy shadows of the steep and woody shores. Later in the forenoon some of the club went to the railway station, I happening to be with them, to meet certain friends of the Gaths who came over for the day, among the rest some wonderfully pretty girls, one of whom I knew Harden would rather have in Jericho than on the boat-house balcony that afternoon to see the Gaths come in best men. Kate and several of her companions were there too—all our acquaintance had made the affair their own, and there was to be a general half-holiday in the town that afternoon. We strolled along together a little while, showing them our mild lions—the whispering gallery in the church, the cemetery with its flower gardens, and things of that gay and festive character generally; for the truth was that we all were a little serious and solemn, as if we felt the shadow of fate. At length, however, old Reed whispered that this would never do—there were those lubberly Gaths taking their ease, and we playing the gallant to their girls; so I made my bow, saying that as I had a little work to do by-and-by, I would be excused, and see them later; at which the fair Gath party opened their eyes and began at once to flirt their colors. "A little work? Not a little, if you expect to keep the Gaths in sight!" And, with well-feigned surprise, again: "Oh, Mr. Geoffreys, it isn't possible that *you* are going to row the Gaths!" And then, with a last gay flaunt of the banner: "Well, then, good-by, Mr. Geoffreys; we suppose there'll be nothing left of you to bid us farewell to-night!"

I took Kate's hand a moment, drawing her a little apart, and she walked on with me a few paces. "'Vox populi, vox Dei,'" I said. "You see, Kate, even the dogs would cry whipped if they—"

"'Vox, et præterea nihil,' I've heard you call that 'vox populi' a hundred times, and I don't see any thing of the sort, moreover. If you can't whip those great—"

"Goliaths. Goliaths of Gath."

"Your oars are just as much weavers' beams as theirs."

"They don't row with the sun in their faces, Kate, as I do. And the stakes are more to me than those of all the races ever rowed in Christendom. If you mean never to speak to me—"

"Oh, is it there? I had quite forgotten—"

"What! you were not in earnest?"

"Never more so."

"Kate?"

"Well?"

"Give me something to row for, my girl," and I stopped short and looked down at her with the color rising on her lovely cheek.

She glanced up a moment with a searching gaze. "Well," she said, "if you win— No, no, I don't mean that. You have your race to row for, Mr. Geoffreys," she said, with dignity, "and that's enough."

"And if I lose it? It shall be no such ill luck? How am I to know my fate with you, Kate?"

"I will give you a signal."

"How shall I know what it means?"

"You will know."

"I believe you would send a man into a den of lions for your glove."

"I never blamed the woman who did," said Kate, with a gay laugh all at once, because, as I saw, her eyes were actually full of tears, "and I never thought well of the man in that story."

So we parted. Kate's tears—they augured ill. Pitying me—burial before death! A sudden flash of anger swept through me. If she would not give me something to row for, I would give her something to cry for. I would win, or I would break a blood-vessel.

I went to my office for the mail, on the way back to quarters, and found it full of smoke and Cheviots. "Tell us the truth, Geoffreys," they cried. "These Gath people are up here with fists full of money, ready to wager thousands on their crew. Say, shall we take them up?"

"I can't advise you, boys," said I. "They are mighty men. They row to win. I never saw any thing so handsome in my life as their morning exercise. No—don't bet on us. We won't disgrace the Cheviots. It 'll be a close thing, perhaps, but it's out of the question to suppose we can win for them."

"That's as it may be," cried Brand. "But I've taken the offers of the Philistines to the last dollar in my pocket." And a cheer greeted him that fairly slammed the door behind me as I left, and told what the rest meant to do; and of course it didn't lighten our hearts any to know how they were going to lighten their pockets.

Well, it was a big crowd that lined the shores and the building-tops, that hung along the banks in boats and skiffs, when we went down to the boat-house, and seemed only like one vast animal with countless eyes and tongues. The balconies were filled with ladies, the stake-boat was set, the tugs were ready to follow us, and such a tumult of excitement as there was in the

boat-house nothing but a menagerie just before dining-time could rival; old Reed was kicking through the panels of his dressing-room door because he had dropped his key, and young Smythe was taking his fist and smashing every pane in a sash because he couldn't open a window; they were yelling here and running there—the blood of all the Cheviots was up. In the midst of the confusion, there on a heap of sail-cloth under one of the balconies, the Gaths lay stretched at their ease like a nest of young lions, and as I looked them over I wondered if four as superb gladiators ever fought in a Roman circus. They had a deuced pretty uniform, too, snow-white, with a deep crimson handkerchief knotted on their heads. "Come up here," I cried, leaning over—"come up and survey the course, and see the crowd, and be introduced to some—"

"Thank you, Geoffreys," answered Converse. "It's very clever of you, Geoffreys, you know; but we're very well as we are." And when time sounded, and they rose and strode down to their boat, I was not surprised at the shouts of admiration that rent the air—in fact, we shouted ourselves. At the very last moment, brandy being of course forbidden, I had given each of my men a gulp of guarana—it might do good, it couldn't do harm; and we were in our own boat unperceived, as it were, under cover of that shout.

I never want to endure another moment like that in which I grasped my oars, waiting for the start, after places were taken. I glanced back at Harden and the rest, and then across at the Gaths—such white, set faces! My pulse stopped for one second; there was a dead silence; then a word, a dip, a bound, a yell—I was all myself again, my heart beat at my oar's blade, my soul went out of me at every stroke, Harden and Devlin were one with me, little Jersey steered her to a hair, my dejection had vanished like smoke. I meant to win that race or die. We were side by side, we were creeping on, we gave them our wash, the swift tremendous strokes seemed to come like our breaths; I heard nothing but one continuous roar along the banks the whole of the way, I saw nothing but those fellows laboring after; and as for them, they never saw us again without turning their heads over their shoulders. As we rounded, they seemed to be losing form a moment, although they rallied; and as we entered the quarter, I asked the men if they had any thing left to call for.

"A last breath," piped Jersey.

"Let them have it," I cried. And we came in two lengths ahead, in the midst of a deafening tumult, wild women and yelling men, that might have waked the dead.

Of course we paddled aside to let the Gaths enter at the landing first. But as we came up ourselves, eight great arms were reaching out to seize me; powerless to struggle, we were carried up the slip by Gaths and Cheviots together. Just as I passed under the balcony in that triumph, I looked up. There was Kate leaning far over. Upon my word, for that instant, that one instant, I had forgotten that Kate existed. And there she stood with the others, framed in the sunset, her disordered hair gilded like a nimbus, laughing, crying, flushed, lovely, and half divine! As her eye caught mine, she extended her hand impetuously, kissed the spray of flowers she held, and tossed it down to me. It was a spray of orange flowers.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

Greece once more demands its islands, and prays of Europe that the Moslem shall be expelled wholly from Crete, Rhodes, and the countless rocks and peaks that rise above the Ægean Sea. It was once almost a region of sea-girt isles; its deities were born on the islands or snatched from the purple wave. Delian Apollo, Cretan Jove, Paphian Venus, were worshipped throughout all the cultivated nations of antiquity, were the gods of Plato, Cicero, and Brutus. These countless islands, that still glitter above the surface of their tideless sea, seem to have all been volcanic, and were inhabited by adventurous settlers almost before their surfaces had cooled, their craters ceased to flow. Their legends of fiery monsters and infernal spirits all point to their origin. As the Greek race grew civilized, or rather intelligent, the islands rose to singular importance. Each sharp peak amidst the waves seemed to produce its philosopher, poet, god. Delos became the holy spot of all Greece, rich, splendid, the treasure-house of Athens. On little Ios, a mere crag, was placed by Herodotus the tomb of Homer. Ceos, a narrow shelf of rock, produced two great poets and four cities. The rare soil of Lesbos was rich in mental glory; Sappho, Alcæus, Pittacus, are the chiefs of its band of writers, thinkers. In Crete, government seems to have been first studied. It is with a not unnatural pride that Athens and the Greeks would gather around them all these famous islands, and would once more give to Greek thought an opportunity of revival, would recall the memory of Alcæus and the songs of Lesbos.

On the western side of Greece are the Ionian Isles. Dr. Schliemann has recently turned his new method of historical inquiry to the exploration of Ithaca, the home of the tempest-tossed Ulysses. It was here that the first voyage of discovery was narrated, and the sea-king Ulysses recounted to his faithful Penelope the perils of the western main. Ithaca, with its six companion islands, and several smaller ones were given by England to Greece. To antiquity the Ionian Isles were almost the limit of the habitable earth, the nearest to the inhospitable North. They were early occupied by vikings and robbers. Dr. Schliemann has succeeded, he thinks, in pointing out the true site of the capital of Ulysses, the lord of the isles three thousand years ago. He corrects the common theory that Ithaca was in the valley of Polis; finds it on a tall peak called Mount Aetos. Here he discovers dwellings cut in the rock, cups, utensils, weapons; the deep caves in which the swine of Ithaca were, perhaps, folded; the spot where Penelope's riotous suitors made their assault upon the heart of the supposed widow. The ancient story gains new life under the ardent touch of the explorer. All the Ionian Isles are full of interest. The rock of Leucas, whence Sappho might have flung herself, over which the pensive Addison sighed; great Cephallenia; Zante, the land of currants. A cluster of lesser peaks rises above the western sea. These have all been restored to Greece. But Ithaca still wants a new Ulysses, and the white cliffs of Leucas are no longer consecrated, the victim borne up by the fluttering wings of countless birds has escaped forever from perdition.

In Crete, which still belongs to the Moslem—the scene of many a valiant struggle for freedom, wet with the blood of martyrs—Strabo relates that the children were all taught to read and chant the law. Here Minos had set his laws. All the young men were compelled to marry the young women in the order set by statute. Celibacy was not permitted by Minos, and many a romance was spoiled. Crete was always prosperous, fertile; in its caves Jupiter was educated; its cities were magnificent; it was a land of splendor. In modern times its glory has not altogether passed away; even under the Moslem rule its people are still industrious. The greater part of them are Greek and Christian. The sanguinary insurrections, the fierce revolutions, that have marked its recent history, show with what utter discontent the foreign rule is borne. It is for the liberation of Crete, the scene of its latest heroism, that all Greece besought the Berlin Congress in vain. There is no land in which the Moslem tyranny is more odious. It is not reform, but freedom, that the merchants and farmers want; the utter expulsion of the foreign race; a return not indeed to the institutions of Minos, to the dark shadows of a pagan past, but to a share in that moral purification that has awaited the rest of the race on the main-land. The birth-place of Jupiter is still a fertile, industrious island. It may become once more the seat of a hundred flourishing cities, of a pure and cultivated people. The Cretan may redeem his character.

The London *Times* asks, innocently, "Is Cyprus unhealthy?" A century ago the question would have seemed almost idle. Its fevers, its malaria, were well known. Pococke (1738) noticed that few strangers escaped them; that they always lingered in the blood, producing, if not death, lassitude, decay. Larnica he points out as the most unhealthy city of all Cyprus, yet the usual resort of the Franks. "These salt lakes," he says, "extend almost to Larnica, and make it the most unhealthy place in the island." It is here that the English troops were first exposed to the fatal diseases of the climate. "The island," adds the traveller again, "is very unhealthy, especially to strangers." In fact, it would seem to be an unpardonable blunder to select this pestilential spot as the scene of a military encampment, to expose in the fearful heat of a Cyprus summer the untried soldiers to its poisonous air. It is no wonder that the hospitals were soon filled. Modern Cyprus has no pleasant renown with travellers. Under the rule of the Turks it has sunk into decay. But nature seems to have been almost equally unkind; its rivers are only brooks, in summer dry ravines; its water, drawn from its wells, is tainted with nitre; it depends on the rain for its drinking-water; and when the rains fail the island is almost uninhabitable. Once, it is related, no rain fell for a long course of years, during the period of Constantine. The island was abandoned, and Paphos and Idalia became a solitary desert. With such recollections it is difficult to see how an intelligent foresight could have selected Cyprus as the centre of an Eastern imperialism. The London *Times* proposes Lesbos in its place. Yet it does not appear that in the youth of the world Cyprus was barren or pestilential. It was covered with groves, bright with gardens; the scene of poetic enchantment; a spot celebrated by epic and lyric bards; the home of the Loves and Graces. The fragments of its rich temples still rise above the earth to tempt some cultivated Schliemann or Cesnola.

Of the matchless isles of Greece, Rhodes, Samos, Scio, Lesbos, and their companions along the Asiatic shore, are still under the tyranny of the Turks. It is absurd to suppose that with such a government, alien in race and faith, the most corrupt and odious of all, they can ever make any real advance. Scio, a beautiful island, rich in groves of orange and lemon, was the scene of one of the most fearful of the Turkish massacres. The crimes in Bulgaria are, in fact, only a renewal of the old ferocity with which the Turk ruled over the subject races—a brutality that has been exercised wherever it had license. Nothing but fear has tamed the Ottoman savage. In Scio, when the island slumbered in a dream of security, it was suddenly overrun by the hordes of monsters. Civilized warfare has no parallel to the enormities of the Eastern barbarians. Scio was covered with slaughter; the child, the mother, were stabbed together; a universal plunder raged. The hapless island sank into a dreadful lethargy of woe. The fear of European retaliation alone protects the subject Greeks and Armenians. But Scio has once more revived. Its Greek merchants are wealthy, its people prepared for freedom. Its air is healthy; fine springs are found. The keenness of the Sciotes in trade is renowned in the Levant. No Jew, it was said, could live and thrive among them. The Greeks are every where the merchant princes of the East; have their great houses in Marseilles, London, their factors in New Orleans. Of Rhodes, on the Asiatic coast, little is left to attract the traveller. Once it was the chief source of commercial progress, the harbor whence great fleets set out for the Black Sea or the far West, the home of the most intelligent and honest of the ancient races. Equity was long the peculiar trait of the Rhodians. The city was built upon the most thoughtful plan of the ancient architects; its streets, squares, gardens, wharves, harbor, were all arranged with artistic skill, its ships and sailors the most expert of the time, its legislators the most prudent. Over the entrance of the great harbor, always filled with vessels, stood the grand Colossus of bronze, the wonder of the ages, the effigy of the all-penetrating Apollo. The island was covered by villas and temples, the retreat of emperors and princes, the favorite home of philosophy and art. To-day it languishes, almost a desert, under the Turkish rule, forgotten. Under a Greek and native government Rhodes might once more become the brilliant reflection of its earlier fame.

Still more beautiful, famous, appears Mitylene, the land of Sappho, the scene of many a fierce republican struggle. To the classical student, the freeman, the American, who owes almost all to Greece, it must ever seem an intolerable thing that these islands, where the Greek population is far in excess of its masters, where a few savage Turks rule in the homes of Alcæus, Minos, Sappho, where freedom has been murdered with most brutal enormities, should any longer be suffered to perish in the midst of the civilization they have created. Why were not Crete, Lesbos, Samos, made as free as Bulgaria? Why, indeed, is the Turkish rule any where allowed in Greece? It would not seem difficult to create a Greek republic, league, confederation, that would once more awake the slumbering genius of Rhodes and Lesbos, cover the glittering Ægean with the sources of mental and physical progress.

Eugene Lawrence.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER.

Sunday, 24.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 30.—St. Andrew.

Dean Stanley left the United States for home on Wednesday, November 6, after having been the recipient of attentions rarely bestowed on the representative of any Church. His well-known catholicity of spirit drew to him Christians of nearly all shades of belief. On Friday evening, November 1, a reception was given him in New York by ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. An address was read, in which graceful reference was made to the placing of a tablet, designed as a memorial of John and Charles Wesley, in Westminster Abbey a few years since. The dean's touching speech on the occasion of the unveiling of the tablet will be remembered by many. On Saturday he breakfasted with the Century Club, and on Monday received the Baptist ministers of the city. Always happy in his addresses, he has at no time better expressed the American feeling than when he said, at the Century Club breakfast, "Near the shore of Lake George I saw an oak and a maple so joined that they seemed one tree. I am reminded by this of the old oak of England, with its gnarled and twisted root, and the young shoot of America, with glorious promise for the future. May the union of the two trees on one root be always typical of the union of America and England!"

Londoners have been startled by the announcement that the Oberammergau Passion Play would be reproduced in the Aquarium of that city as an entertainment for pleasure-seekers. It was intended to employ the original peasant performers from Bavaria. Public opinion in England has, however, protested so strongly against this outrage on Christian feeling that the announcement has been withdrawn.

The "Prophetic Conference" closed its three days' sessions on Friday, November 1, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, of this city. The interest and crowded attendance of hearers continued to the end. The essayists, classified according to denominations, were: three Episcopalian, nine Presbyterian, one Reformed, one Baptist, one Congregationalist, and one Methodist. Letters of concurrence in the aims of the Conference were read from Bishops Vail and Niles, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Horatio and Andrew Bonar, of Edinburgh, and Canons Baldwin and Bond, of Canada. The Rev. Dr. N. West presented a carefully prepared history of the pre-millennial faith in the Christian Church. The view taken by the Conference of the second coming of Christ was embodied in the following language: "The prophetic words of both the Old and the New Testaments concerning His second coming will be literally fulfilled in His visible bodily return to the earth in like manner as He went up into heaven....This second coming is every where in the Scriptures represented as imminent, and may occur at any moment, yet the precise day and hour thereof is unknown to man....The Scriptures nowhere teach that the whole world will be converted to God, or that there will be a universal reign of righteousness and peace before the return of our Lord; but that only at and by his coming will....the resurrection of the dead in Christ and the transfiguration of the living saints receive their fulfillment, and the period of millennial blessedness its inauguration."

The anniversary of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in this city on Monday evening, November 4. The fiscal year closed July 1, 1878. From July 1, 1877, to that date the receipts were $63,402; the disbursements nearly equalled that sum. The debt has been reduced from $15,000 to $13,000. In the eleven years from 1867 to 1878 the disbursements have reached $715,852. This society is doing very much for the elevation of Southern freedmen.

At the National Convention of the Universalists recently held in Providence, Rhode Island, $19,000 were pledged to the extinction of the debt of the general fund; this will leave only $4000 debt remaining. This denomination has five colleges, two theological schools, and six academies; the total endowment of them all is $2,289,000. The parish property is valued, above indebtedness, at $6,970,110; the church members are 35,395. The publishing house is in Boston.

The "Sunday Closing Act," as applied to the public-houses of Ireland, went into operation October 15. It had been predicted that its enforcement would lead to disturbance, but no disturbance occurred. Five towns, namely, Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Waterford, and Limerick, are excepted from its operation, but even in these the time of opening has been shortened two hours. The London *Tablet* says, "It may be premature to judge by the experience of a single day, but there is so far every reason to hope that the law, if fairly administered, will work easily and with beneficial effect." No doubt of it.

Several facts show that the feeling between Germany and the Vatican is not growing more friendly, to say the least. A criminal court in Posen has very lately fined Cardinal Ledochowski 15,000 marks or two years' imprisonment for violating the May laws; he has, besides, been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for insulting the government. It is now reported that Monsignor Masella, the Papal Nuncio, proposed to Bismarck "the restoration of the repealed 15th article of the Prussian Constitution, and to allow the May laws to become a dead letter." This proposition was rejected.

The observations of the Rev. R. W. Dale upon the people and institutions of our country, which he is giving to the *Nineteenth Century* in a series of papers, show a ready appreciation of facts rare even among Englishmen. In the last article, which appeared in October, he expresses the opinion that we in the United States have suffered less than England from the attacks of unbelief. "I also thought," he writes, "that I recognized a prevalent conservatism in the spirit in which men of nearly all Churches approached consideration of speculative and doctrinal questions. They were cautious and reverent, and not disposed to think that all previous generations of Christian people had lost their way. The atmosphere was not quite the same as that which I breathe at home; it was less keen and less vexed with storms." This judgment will, it is believed, be found to accord with the best American opinion.

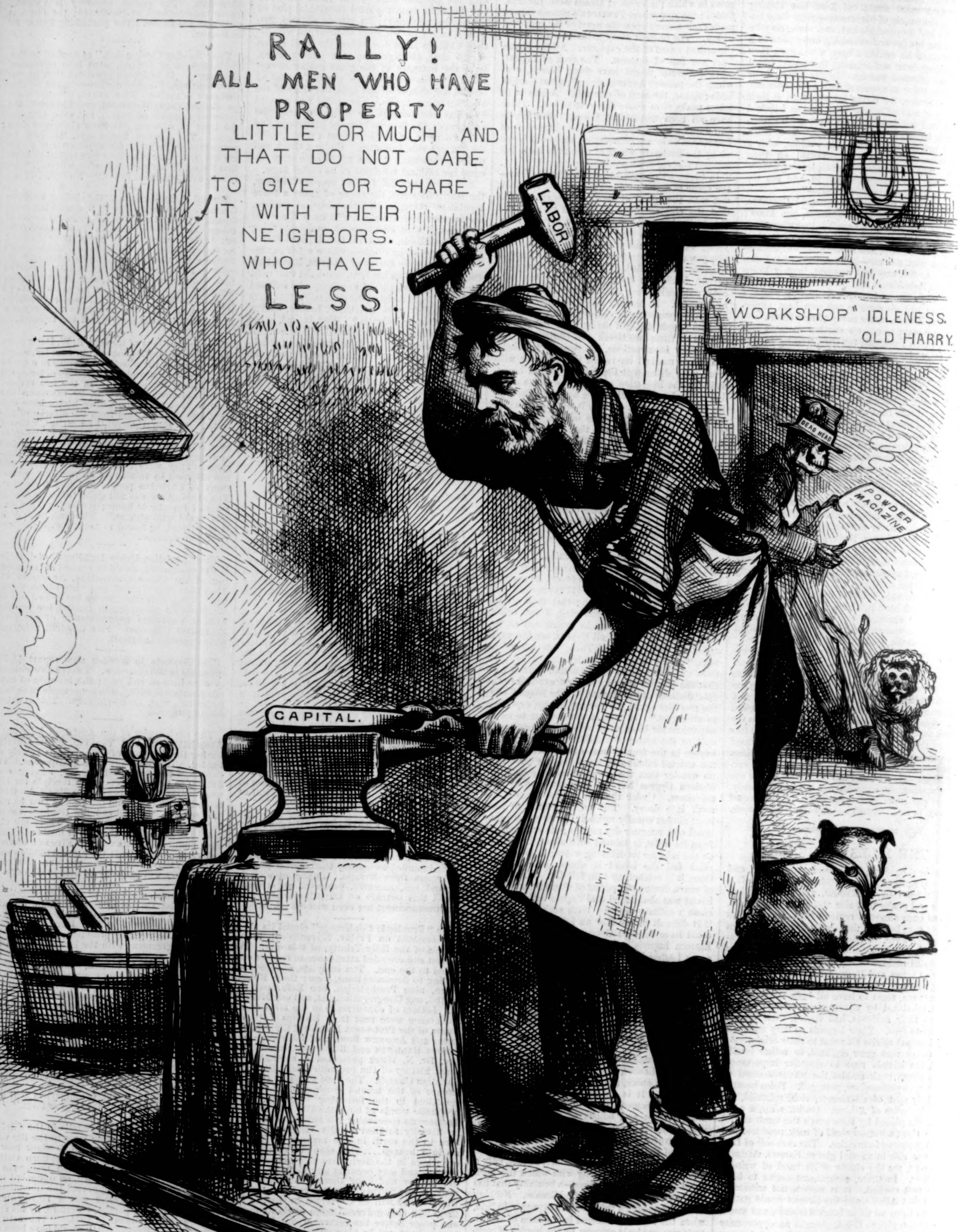
The "Christian Union Buildings" of Dublin, it was announced, would be opened at the meeting of the Union Convention, November 11. They have cost £12,000, and were begun a year ago. The Convention, which has grown out of Mr. Moody's preaching in Ireland, has become a most important representative of the Irish Protestant Churches. Five hundred ministers were expected to attend.

The Baptists in Sweden now report 13,773 members in 253 churches. Twelve new churches were formed last year; the increase of communicants was 2479. Sunday-schools have been organized, with 17,769 children. This is astonishing progress.

The anniversary of the American Missionary Association, held at Taunton, Massachusetts, during the last days of October, was largely attended. The year has been prosperous. The debt has been reduced $39,000, leaving only $22,500 to be paid. The total receipts for 1878 were $195,601, the expenditures $188,079. Great attention has been paid during the year to normal schools, the demand for teachers among the freedmen being very great. There are still 3,250,000 persons in the South unable to read, over a million of them voters. Five new churches have been organized; the present number supported by the association is sixty-four. The next anniversary will probably be held in Chicago.

The annual meetings of the Congregational and Baptist Unions of Great Britain, recently held, were marked by striking deliverances of opinion. In the first the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, the retiring president, re-affirmed his total disagreement with the late attempt of the Union to settle a basis of doctrine for the churches. "Had I known," said the president, "when I accepted this honorable office that it was even probable that an attempt would be made to formulate something like a creed, nothing would have tempted me to preside over this assembly. I believe in the independency that seeks to keep the truth in the Church and the Church in the statutes of life by the light of the Scripture and by the grace of the Spirit alone." The chairman of the Baptist Union, the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, called for young men to enter the ministry who are able to support themselves out of private resources. "Rest assured," he said, "that voluntaryism will more and more have to take this higher form."

Edmond de Pressensé tells in the *Christian World*, of London, some facts in the life of the late Bishop Dupanloup, which show how the pressure of authority in the Roman Catholic Church bears down a spirited man. He was originally, as is well known, an opponent of ultramontanism, and supported the liberalism of which Montalembert was a representative. He surprised all parties, therefore, by his apology for the Syllabus of 1864. "The astonishment," says Pressensé, "would have been even greater if it had been known that Monseigneur Dupanloup had done all in his power to prevent the publication of the very Syllabus which he afterward attempted to justify by explaining it away. On the eve of the Vatican Council he was among the foremost of the irreconcilables. I saw him in Rome in 1869, and he was then regarded as the leader of the opposition, and was the object of the rage of the Curia. His apologists of to-day pass over in silence this period of his life. It has not been forgotten in Rome, however, for in resisting the policy of the Jesuits he committed the crime which can not be condoned either in this world or in the next. Thus, in spite of his submission and the innumerable services rendered by him since 1870 to the Catholic cause, he never obtained the cardinal's hat, which adorns the brow of some of the most mediocre of French bishops." For putting "the padlock on the mind" the Roman Catholic Church has no equal in the world, and never has had its equal.



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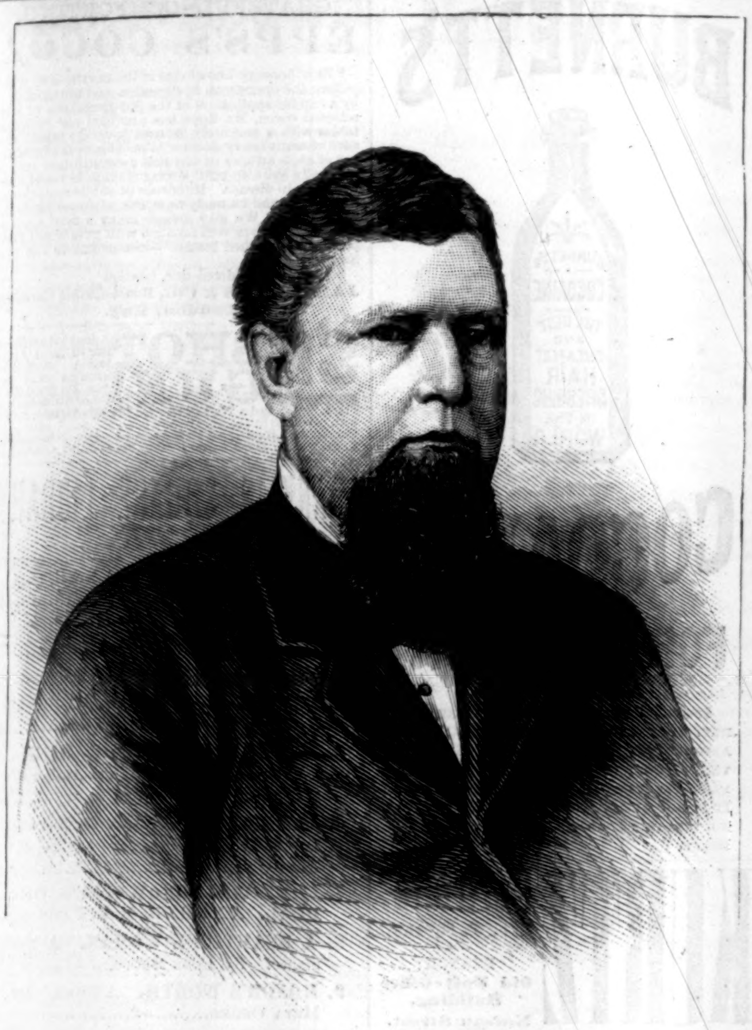
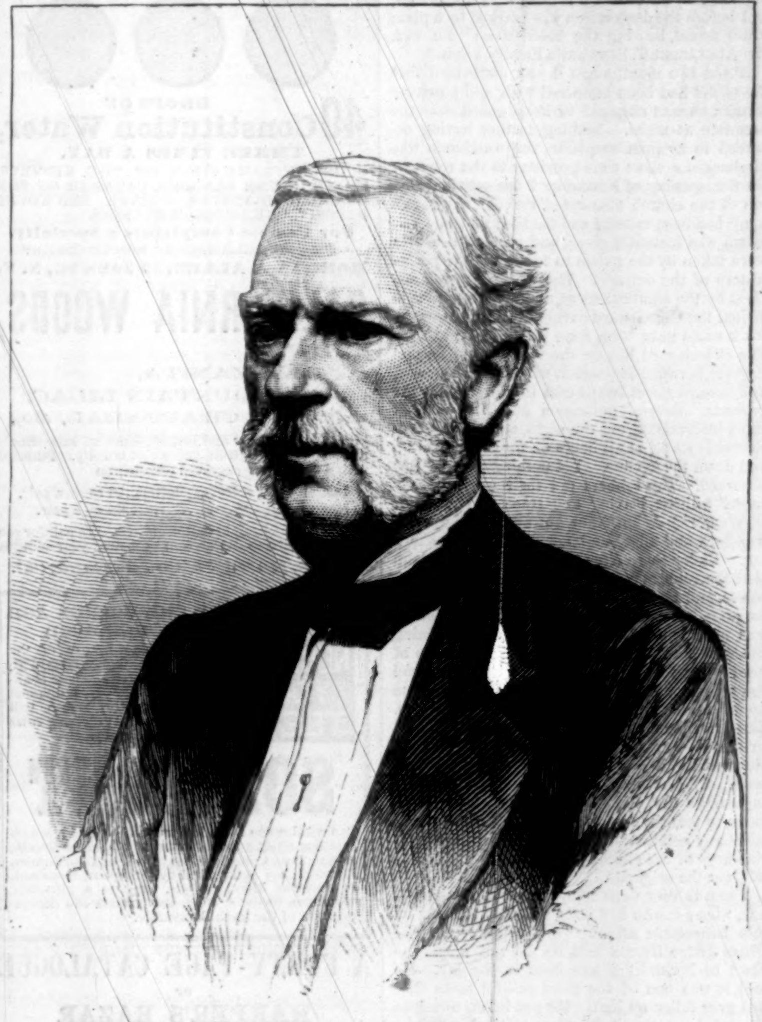


HENRY M. HOYT, GOVERNOR ELECT OF PENNSYLVANIA.
[See Page 929.]

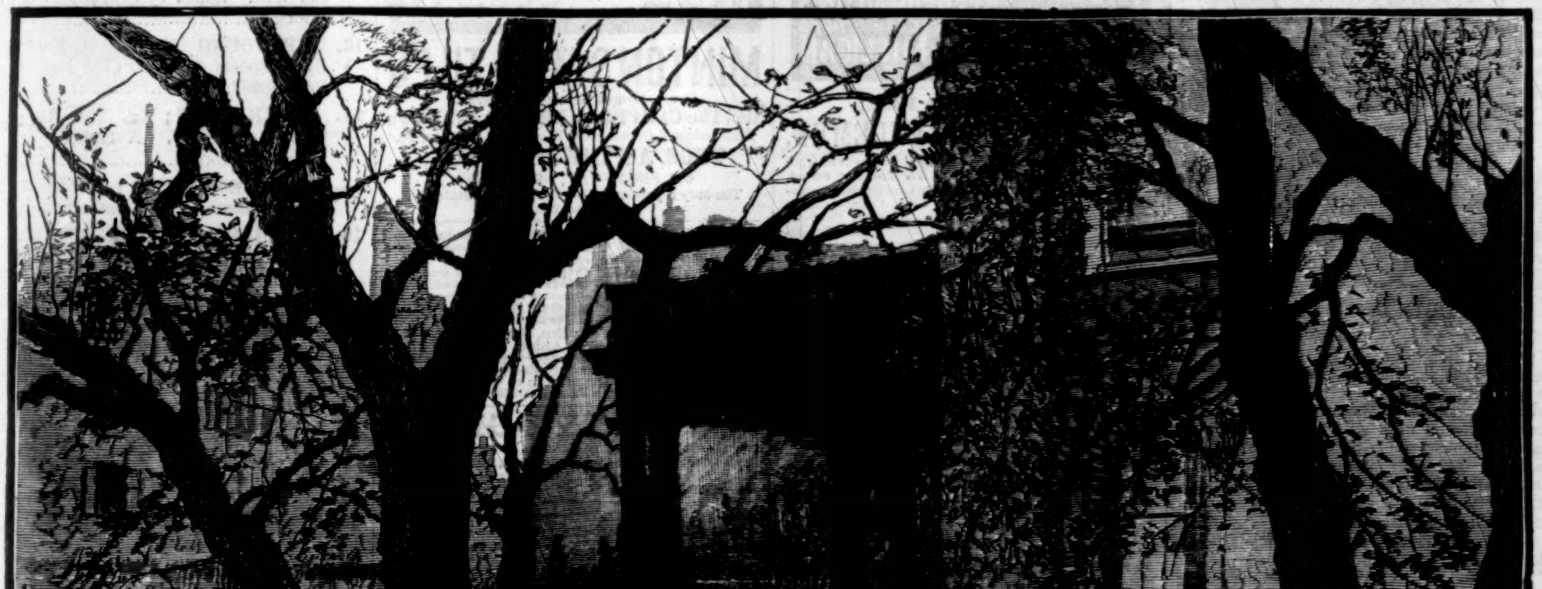


THOMAS TALBOT, GOVERNOR ELECT OF MASSACHUSETTS.
From Photograph by Warren.—[See Page 929.]

A REVOLTING OUTRAGE.

An outrage more shocking to public sentiment has rarely been chronicled than the desecration of the grave of the late Alexander T. Stewart, on the night of November 6. Under cover of darkness and storm the family tomb was forced open, the body of Mr. Stewart taken from the casket in which it had reposed, carried away, and hidden. The purpose of the perpetrators of this daring and shocking sacrilege can only be guessed at; but the motive was probably the hope that a large reward would be paid for the recovery of the remains.

St. Mark's church-yard is one of the most interesting burial-places in New York. Within its sacred precincts lie the remains of many citizens whose names were famous in the annals of old New York—the Stuyvesants, Winthrops, Decklyns, Cockrofts, Tookers, Van Burens, and others. Six large willows, imported many years ago from France, cast their sombre shadows over the tombs. Mr. Stewart's family vault is on the east side of the church, and about fifteen paces from



THE DESECRATION OF THE GRAVE OF A. T. STEWART IN ST. MARK'S CHURCH-YARD—SCENE OF THE OUTRAGE.—[From a Sketch by W. P. Snyder.]

it. Like all the others, it is flush with the ground, and before the desecration was marked by a plain white tablet, bearing the inscription: "No. 112. Mr. Alexander T. Stewart's Family Vault."

About two months ago it was discovered that the tablet had been tampered with, and a private watchman was engaged to keep guard over the premises at night. Nothing further having occurred to awaken suspicion, the watchman was discharged a short time previous to the robbery. On the morning of November 7 the assistant-sexton of the church discovered that Mr. Stewart's tomb had been entered and the body stolen. The alarm was instantly given, and prompt measures were taken by the police to ferret out the perpetrators of the outrage. The whole city was excited by the announcement, and crowds of people visited the church-yard during the day. How the work could have been done was a marvel to all. The church-yard lies on the west side of Second Avenue, between Stuyvesant and Eleventh streets, and several street lamps cast their light into the grounds. Several policemen pass the yard at short intervals during the night, and there is considerable travel at all hours on the street cars up and down the avenue. Yet nothing unusual was observed. The robbers did their work and escaped without leaving any trace to show how they entered or how they got away. The night was dark and misty, and a drizzling rain was falling. Under these circumstances the police claim that the robbers may easily have concealed themselves, and worked securely by keeping a careful look-out. A small shovel, which was left behind, was apparently the implement used in opening the grave. It must have taken many hours of hard work to dig the hole three feet deep, and the robber who labored must have lain prone upon his face in order to conceal his operations. The only time that any of the robbers were forced to stand up was when they were prying up the stone, and this was the work of only a few seconds. The absence of foot tracks, the police say, shows that the robbers stepped from tombstone to tombstone, and as the fence is not marked at any point, it is believed that they had duplicate keys of the church-yard gate, or had in some way got the originals.

There is very deep sympathy with Mrs. Stewart, whose health has been seriously affected by this lamentable affair. To a reporter for the *Times* Judge Hilton said he did not break the news to her until a late hour in the day. He said it was one of the most painful tasks that had ever fallen on him. He put it off, owing to the lady's weak condition, as long as possible. In the afternoon, when the newsboys began to cry the story in the streets, they seemed to loiter about the lady's residence with a lingering interest, and to cry the story more loudly and persistently than usual. Mrs. Stewart always takes a lively interest in current events, and exhibited a singular interest in desiring to know what event was cried on the streets. Judge Hilton, who more than most people knows the strong good sense of the lady, then related carefully to her the story of the robbery of her husband's grave. Mrs. Stewart bore the shock with wonderful heroism, but it proved at length too great a strain on her weakened strength, and she sank perceptibly under the blow. Judge Hilton said that the terrible affair proved a cruelty to the estimable lady difficult to conceive and extremely trying to witness.

The mausoleum in the Stewart Memorial Cathedral, in Garden City, which was to have been finished early in November, will not be ready until spring. It was the intention to transfer the remains of Mr. Stewart thither as their permanent resting-place.

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From A. P. KELSEY, *Principal of State Normal School, Plymouth, N. H.*

It is now a year since we began the use of Harper's Geographies in this school, and I cannot forbear expressing our entire satisfaction with the work. We find it accurate, logical, and interesting.

The subject-matter is well arranged, sufficiently full, and clothed in the purest English.

From B. D. PRITCHARD, *Trustee of Allegan Union School, Allegan, Mich.*

I found Harper's Geographies so thoroughly satisfactory that I at once brought them to the notice of the members of our School Board, and the result has been their adoption by a unanimous vote of our Board of Trustees for use in our city schools.

From A. J. BLANCHARD, *Principal of Public Schools, Sycamore, Ill.*

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6. For their peculiar system of presenting physical with political geography.
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8. For the beauty and excellence of the mechanical work.

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From W. J. BRIER, *Principal of Schools, Plymouth, Wis.*

Having tested Harper's Geographies in the school-room for more than a year, we have adopted them for use in our schools as text-books for the next three years.

From E. E. FITCH, *Superintendent of Schools, Galva, Ill.*

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5. The beauty and practical nature of the illustrations, many of them conveying valuable information, and making a lasting impression by their ingenious arrangement.
6. The strength of binding and general mechanical execution had not a little to do with our choice.

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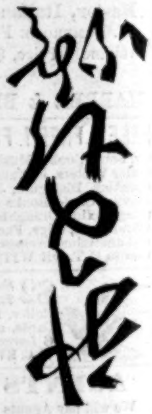

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INTERIOR OF THE PALACE OF SHAH SUJAH-OOL-MOOLK, AT CABOOL.

FROM INDIA TO AFGHANISTAN.

To the sketches published in previous numbers of the *Weekly*, illustrating the scene of what is likely to be another bloody and disastrous struggle between England and the barbarous tribes that inhabit the region of the Hindoo Coosh, we add three more, the first showing the interior of the great palace at Cabool, the second giving a new view of the dread Khyber Pass, which has been fully described in a previous issue, and the third representing the great fortress of Mooltan, one of the most important stations in the Punjab. From Mooltan, in case of war, detachments of English troops will march northward to the pass, and thence by way of the road leading through Jelalabad to Cabool. Then again, it is probable, the old palace will witness such scenes as were enacted in the great struggle of 1842. It was shortly after that conflict that the sketch which we present was made. In melancholy strain the artist, who had some time before visited the palace on the occasion of a great ceremonial, writes: "King, envoy, resident, and politicals, generals and army, all murdered, swept away; the palace of the proudest monarch in the world defiled by the presence of a military mess; the sacred throne, a lounge, a pitch-and-toss table; the arched windows were now crowded by some of the very officers, smoking and chatting there, who had taken so humble a part in the ceremony of enthronement, and who stood beneath, as little noticed by the haughty monarch as the ground whereon they trod. Even the Afghans themselves had forgotten the former sanctity of the palace, for, as I sketched the interior, the Wuzzeer of the little Prince SHAHPOOR (the youngest son of the late Shah, whom we left behind as king), who was of the same tribe, too, as the royal house, stretched himself on the marble throne itself to listen to the fooleries of the court jester, who was capering about and displaying his juggling antics for our amusement. In the picture he is represented sitting there. The throne is said to be very ancient; it is composed of an octagonal block of white marble, raised on legs of the same material. The arches and pillars of the windows are of wood, carved and painted. The sides of the room are full of niches, which are embossed in various patterns on the glittering plaster; the ceiling is richly painted in flowers and scrolls."

That England will have but little difficulty in achieving a decisive victory over the wild soldiery of Afghanistan is scarcely to be doubted, unless the Ameer's cause is most warmly espoused by Russia or some other important power. She is much stronger now in the East than she was at the time of her last contest with the treacherous Afghans. The Sikhs were then her enemies, and the important fortress of Mooltan was not in her possession. The city itself is, after Lahore and Amritsir, the largest in the Punjab, and was captured on the 2d of January, 1849, by a British force under General WHISH. Two weeks later the citadel would have been stormed, but practicable breaches having been effected, the whole garrison surrendered unconditionally. The fortress was in form an irregular hexagon, with its longest side, which measured six hundred yards, toward the northwest. The wall, substantially built of burned brick, was about forty feet high outside, but only four or five feet inside, in consequence of an accumulation of decayed building material. It was surmounted by thirty towers, and protected by a ditch faced with masonry. The destruction of the fortress was begun im-

WATCH-TOWER IN THE KHYBER PASS.

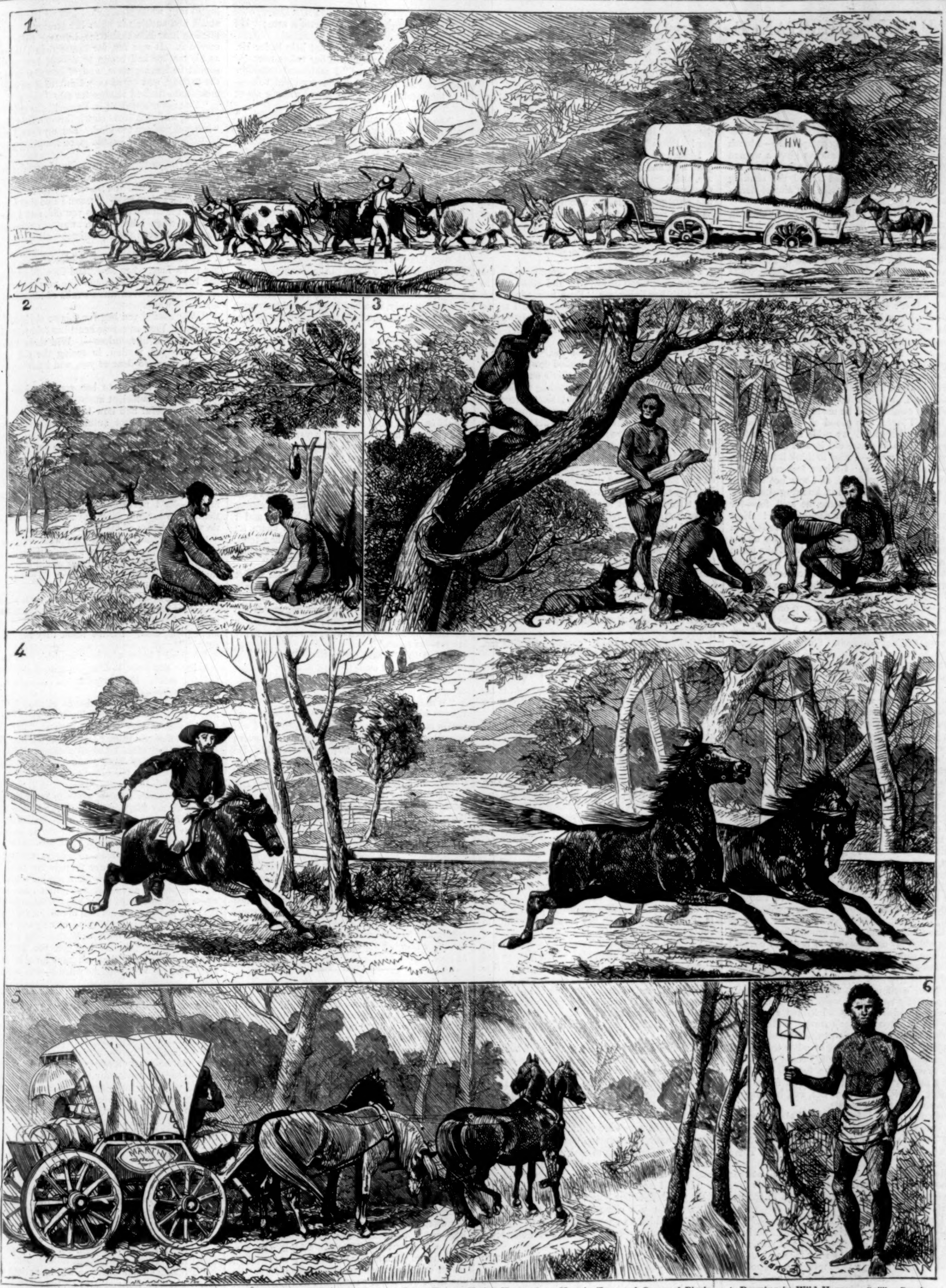
mediately after the surrender, but the worst mischief was done by a violent storm which a few months later overwhelmed this portion of the Punjab. Owing to some neglect of the people in charge of the embankments which confined the Chenaub River above the fortress, the water forced its way through, and undermined the outer wall. Twenty-four hours later several of the towers and the principal wall gave way. At present the fortress is quite useless for purposes of defense, but a range of cantonments affords shelter for a detachment of English troops.

LIFE IN THE BUSH.

QUEENSLAND, one of the most flourishing of the Australian colonies, is a great pastoral country, and wool-growing is one of the principal industries. The Queensland wool has always been remarkable for its fineness, and it appears to improve as the pastoral occupation of the country extends northward toward the Plains of Promise, on the Gulf of Carpentaria. Wool-growing would be an exceedingly pleasant as well as a profitable occupation if it were not for the peculiarities of the Australian climate. During the rainy seasons, which are invariably opened and closed by severe thunder-storms, work of every kind is almost entirely suspended, and the shepherds on the lonely sheep-runs have a most trying time of it. The difficulty of communicating with these remote places is great, and the effort it costs to get the wool to market we may judge of by a glance at our first sketch on the next page.

The second and third drawings are devoted to glimpses of life among the natives. On one occasion during his wanderings our artist found himself in the neighborhood of a camp, and was glad to accept the hospitality offered. The party of blacks numbered about a dozen, including five "gins," or native women. Breakfast was on the point of being served, and the savory smell from a section of kangaroo hung on a spit before the fire proved most appetizing after a long ride. One staple article in a native meal is honey. It is produced by a small stingless bee plentiful in Queensland, and although it has a somewhat peculiar flavor, is nevertheless one of the dainties of the bush. The honey is secreted

FORT OF MOOLTAN, WITH IDGURH IN THE FOREGROUND.



1. Wool Cart stuck in the Mud. 2. A Native Camp Breakfast. 3. Black cutting out Sugar Bag, or Native Honey, from Nest in Tree, and Camp of Blacks. 4. Running in Wild Horses. 5. The Coach stopped by Flood. 6. A Native Postman.

SKETCHES IN QUEENSLAND.

by the bees in a tree, and usually a dry and withered one is selected by these insects as a depository for their treasure. The blacks are very skillful in finding the places where the honey is hidden, and get at it by means of a small hatchet.

Our next sketch relates to what may be called a "horse drive." In Australia nearly every settler owns one or more horses. They are cheap, the best and chief source of supply being the numerous herds of perfectly wild animals that graze on the vast inland prairies. The usual method of catching them is as follows: A strong stockade in the shape of a triangle is made, generally in a small group of trees, one of the corners being left open. From one of the trees near the open corner is carried out to a distance of about two hundred yards a strip of white muslin six inches wide, and fastened breast-high. Through various means the horses are enticed toward some point where they can see the muslin strip. Being curious animals, they go near to examine the strange object, when the horsemen burst upon them with wild halloos, and gesticulating furiously with their long stock whips. The wild horses become terror-stricken, but, not daring to jump the muslin strip, run parallel with it, until they find themselves in the stockade, the horsemen pressing them hard in the rear and on the flank. Our artist, who has had considerable experience in "horse-driving," says: "Some of these hunts are most exciting, and, with a lively animal under you, healthy, vigorous life in every fibre of your body, the enjoyment is for the time quite delirious. The fascination in these and other similar scenes of free, uncontrolled bush life is no doubt the reason of so many preferring the life to that spent in the confined atmosphere of town and city. Many are the men here who are now rough bushmen, but until lately were occupying positions of the highest respectability in the West End of London. I have met several in my wanderings, and they are to be found in all parts of the different Australian colonies."

Travelling in Queensland is still in its most primitive stage, the large emigrant wagon, with its white canvas cover, being the vehicle usually employed by those who do not ride on horseback. As for the postal arrangements, our last sketch shows a letter-carrier of the bush. The precious missive is carried in a slit stick during a journey of many miles, and only delivered on the payment of full postage. Yet dwellers in Australia tell us a letter is rarely lost, and bushmen have quite as much confidence in their method as we have in our own elaborate postal system.